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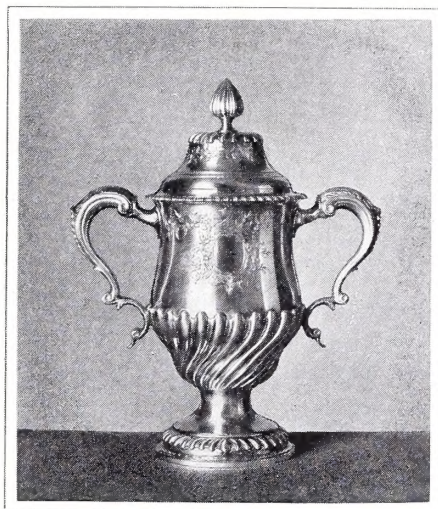
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PROVINCETOWN ART ASSOCIATION

THE first annual exhibition of the Provincetown Art Association opened July 3, with a reception in the Town Hall, where some 150 works of art by members were shown.

For many years artists and students from every State in the Union have summered in the historical little town on the end of Cape Cod, increasing in numbers each year, until this year, when on account of the European war many artists who would have remained abroad have joined the Provincetown colony. There are between two hundred and three hundred artists and art students here. Many are working by themselves, while the students enter the classes of four different schools conducted by C. W. Hawthorne, E. A. Webster, Mary Bacon Jones and Bror Nordfeldt.

Through the interest of some of the ladies of the town, the Provincetown Art Association sprang into being in August, 1914. Instead of the interest dying out during the cold winter months, the several artists who remained the year around aided in increasing the interest by introducing stereopticon lectures and informal talks on the several kinds of art.

The objects and purposes of the Association are to form a permanent collection of works of art for the town; to hold exhibitions; and to draw the artists and those interested in the arts closer together.

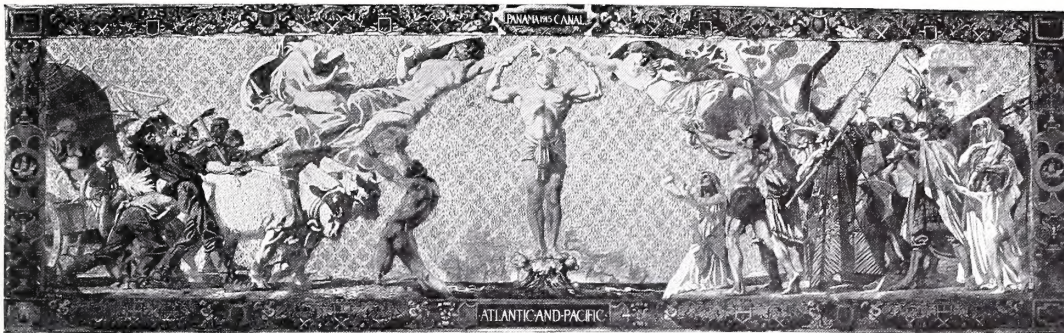
Through the generosity of C. W. Hawthorne, who established his school of painting here sixteen years ago, and William F. Halsall, a marine painter of national reputation and a local resident, and E. A. Webster, also a local man and a painter of the impressionistic school, three worthy canvases have been given to the town as a nucleus to build upon.

Mr. Hawthorne gives a large canvas, 4 x 5 feet, the first picture he painted in Provincetown in 1899 and exhibited in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, New York, in 1900. *Provincetown Fishermen* is the title. It is dark and brown in tone, painted in the broad, solid manner which marks the Dutch masters, showing the influence of his study of Hals in Haarlem. In direct contrast to his first canvas and centred in the place of honour is his most recent picture, *The Madonna*, a panel 4 x 5 feet, a young Portuguese woman and her children about her, showing the influence of Titian upon the painter.

Mr. Halsall's gift to the town is a marine, 24 x 36 inches, called *The Caribbean Sea*, and is a good example of the work of this artist, whose large painting, *Our Glory*, showing the battleship *Oregon* firing at the Spanish fleet off Santiago during the Spanish war, recently voted by the National Fine Arts Commission to be purchased by the Government, now hangs in a place of honour in the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Mr. Webster gives one of his snow scenes which hung in the Corcoran show last year. It is spontaneous, high in key and very modern in treatment.

One of the most interesting features of the exhibition was a collection of thirty-five pencil sketches of Venice and Paris by Frederick H. Marvin. Mary Bacon Jones showed her twelve jungle-folk plates designed after Kipling's charming stories.



Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco

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PLATES

- P. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES**
Sketch for
"LES VENDANGES" (Amiens Museum)
Frontispiece
- HONORÉ DAUMIER**
Sketch
THE COMBATANTS
Facing page 78
- J. F. MILLET**
Sketch
PEASANT BURNING WEEDS
Facing page 84
- CLAUDE MONET**
Sketch
EMBOUCHURE DE LA SEINE À HONFLEUR
Facing page 88
- F. CHAIGNEAU**
Sketch
MOUTONS DANS LA PLAINE D'ARBONNE
Page 91
- L. E. MEISSONIER**
Sketch
A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE
Facing page 94
- EMILE CLAUS**
Pastel
ENSOLEILLÉE
Facing page 110
- EMILE CLAUS**
Pastel
TEMPS NUAGEUX
Facing page 114

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There were also some very clever wood-block prints in colour and black-and-white by Misses Ethel Mars, Ada Gilmore and Mildred McMillen.

Among the exhibitors are many names now appearing in the catalogues of our Metropolitan exhibitions: Alice Worthington Ball, Gerrit A. Beneker, Oliver Chaffee, Jeanie Gallup Mottet, Ida Greenleaf, Edith Phelps, Oscar H. Gieberich, Frank H. Desch, Marion C. Hawthorne, Lawrence Grant, Lucy M. Taggart, C. Arnold Slade, Dodge MacKnight, Henry R. Sutter and Edith L. Wilkinson.

MODERN PAINTINGS AT THE EXPOSITION

ALL the important centres of art in the United States, all the cities which possess adequate exhibition galleries and art institutes, are beginning a co-operative plan to secure the benefits of the great showing of the world's modern paintings at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

This movement at present has two main branches, which are likely to be conjoined in one or, if kept separate, will be organized so as to avoid any interference with the common purpose of both, which is to bring the choicest treasures of the wealth of art now in the galleries of San Francisco into the reach of those who have not been able to visit the Exposition.

The first branch of this greatest travelling exhibition ever projected came to a definite form recently, when, through action taken by John W. Beatty, director of the Carnegie Institute of Art, Pittsburgh, Pa., the following committee of famous artists was appointed to select the foreign paintings which will be shown throughout the country: Alden J. Weir, president of the National Academy of Design, New York; William M. Chase; Edward W. Redfield.

Director Beatty conceived the idea which will be put into practical form by this committee. Two hundred and fifty paintings will be selected from the best work of the foreign artists, and will be exhibited in the chief American cities, beginning probably in Pittsburgh at the Carnegie Institute, and including New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Buffalo, and many others.

The fine arts commissioners from Sweden and the Netherlands, who possess authority to exhibit the works from their respective countries without further formalities, have already given a hearty assent to the plan. Other commissioners will have to consult with their artists and their governments, but it is practically certain that the co-operation of all will be promptly secured.

The second plan is even more comprehensive, as it contemplates the selection of American paintings as well as the important foreign pictures. This movement was initiated by Clyde H. Burroughs, secretary of the Detroit Museum of Art, Detroit, Michigan, who sent the following letter to John E. D. Trask, chief of the department of fine arts, Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

"My dear Mr. Trask: Would it be possible to have a selected portion of the fine exhibition which you have assembled at San Francisco serve a number of institutions of the Middle West at the close of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in December,

"At the meeting of the American Federation of Arts, held in Washington the other day, a number of the officials of the Middle Western Museums, discussed a co-operative scheme whereby exhibitions of magnitude could be assembled, and by passing them from one institution to the other much labour and expense could be saved.

"The thought has come to me that if we could secure the consent of the owners and the co-operation of yourself and staff, the Minneapolis Institute of Art, the Chicago Art Institute, the City Art Museum, St. Louis, the John Herron Institute, the Toledo Museum, the Detroit Museum of Art and others could take advantage of the magnificent collection you have assembled and grasp this opportunity to put into actual practice the theory of co-operation which we have discussed."

"I am heartily in favour of this idea," said John E. D. Trask, "and will do all I can to assist its realization. It is, however, too early to say just what measures will be adopted. But it is safe to announce that it is practically an assured thing that the crusade of art, so to speak, will take its course from San Francisco at the close of the Exposition to confirm and complete throughout the country the vast work of artistic education and stimulation which our exhibition is doing here. After all, even although millions of visitors come, there are many more who cannot come, and it is for their benefit that the art directors everywhere are taking steps to secure the travelling exhibition."

"Taking it as a whole, it is obvious that no such splendidly representative collection of modern art has ever before been assembled in this country," said Edward W. Redfield, one of the jury appointed by Director Beatty, of the Carnegie Institute, "and it affords America an opportunity of exceptional importance just now when the war has stopped all European travel and study of foreign art. The quintessence of what modern Europe is doing is now right here in San Francisco, and of course all the important cities of the country will desire to give those citizens who cannot come to San Francisco a view of the best and most typical work of artistic Europe."

So even while their armies are fighting each other the divided nations will unite in America in the fraternal bonds of art, and the beauty of France, Germany, England, Italy, Austria and Russia will be joined together in a league of peace for the benefit of the nation which is the composite of all.

AN ARMOURER'S WORKSHOP

MR. BASHFORD DEAN, curator of arms and armour at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, writes as follows in their *June Bulletin*:

The visitor to the Riggs gallery, examining a suit of ancient armour, is apt to think rather of the beauty of the object than of the labour and skill of the artist who made it. The armourer, it is clear, encountered many-sided mechanical difficulties in handling his "medium": he could not model steel with the same nicety and fluency with which a brother artist used his paint, clay, wax, wood, silver or gold. Accordingly, with a view to making clearer the art of armour-making, it has seemed worth while

(Continued on page 7)

NEW YORK—Continued

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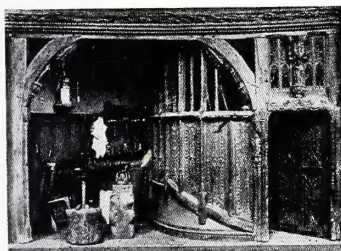
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AN ARMOURER'S WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 5)

to show to the general visitor some of the special implements or instruments which the armourer employed, and on the west side of the Riggs gallery, framed in splendid Gothic woodwork,* one may now look at the restoration of an ancient work-bench. On one side of it is a bench-vise: this dates from the early seventeenth century and is of North Italian workmanship, boldly decorated with foliation and masaron—a vise which might have been used by an artist who prepared the locks and mountings of the enriched pistols and harquebuses shown in neighbouring cases. Here, too, are numerous anvil-like "stakes," which were held in sockets in the bench or when of greater size were thrust into a heavy block nearby. Some of these in our restoration are fitted in a block which is known to have served for several generations of armourers. Such stakes show surfaces sometimes flattened, sometimes rounded, sometimes long and developed as prongs—shapes which were required in the varying processes of modelling plates of steel into subtle curves. Some of the stakes, it appears, were made to penetrate ridges and cavities, as within the crests of helmets; others were arranged to



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develop the cylindrical elements of armour for arms and legs. Near the present stakes there are exhibited files, punches and chisels, and patterns for various plates of armour; also matrices by means of which borders were rolled over or pressed into the forms of roping which one sees so frequently in armour of the sixteenth century. These tools, it may be remarked, are in many cases old, some of them dating from the time when armour was made for actual service. The most important object in this little collection is an anvil, richly wrought, which dates from the sixteenth century—if not earlier. It is probably of Italian workmanship and, with the neighbouring bench-vise, has been borrowed for our present purpose from the collection of Ambrose Monell, of Tuxedo. The anvil is boldly modelled, wrought in iron, its upper surface faced with steel; its base is octangular, ornamented with bevelled mouldings; its sides are developed in rounded arches, partly by welding in position masses of iron, partly by strenuous chiselling. The quality of the object suggests that it was used for work of the costliest character, that gold or silver may have been beaten upon it; but its large size, mas-

*The rear of the courtyard of an ancient house at Abbeville (early sixteenth century), showing a door and the front of a stairway; also some original panels. The woodwork of the bench is modern.

(Continued on page 10)

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SKETCH FOR "LES VENDANGES" (AMIENS MUSEUM). BY P. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. LVI. No. 222

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AUGUST, 1915

A AMERICAN PAINTING AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

PICTURE a colonnade over a thousand feet in length sweeping majestically around the tree-lined marge of a gleaming lagoon, with, behind the colonnade, a vast, crescent-shaped structure containing a hundred or more separate rooms, and you have some idea of the Palace of Fine Arts at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Viewed from the opposite side of the lagoon, the rotunda fronting the encircling columns recalls, in its deeply romantic suggestion, Böcklin's *Island of the Dead*. The sense of antiquity is there, the silence, the remoteness from the world of actuality, and the summons to a realm where one surrenders to the magic of a mysterious, indefinable beauty. Such is the appeal exercised by this memorable fusion of elements traditional, natural, and frankly inspirational.

The Palace of Fine Arts seems indeed an island

set amid a shimmering sea of colour, a haven where the spirit seeks grateful repose. This island is not, however, *Die Toteninsel* of Teutonic imagination, nor is it the *Cythère* of more ingratiating Gallic fancy. If it is impossible to repress a certain feeling of exaltation as you approach this building which on the outside promises so much, it is equally difficult to dispel a sense of disillusion on examining its contents as a whole. In the rooms devoted to American painting classic calm and romantic reverie give place to something closely resembling confused incompleteness. While there are certain sequestered spots where beauty has been successfully wooed and won, the combined impression is far from inspiring. We all realize that there are mitigating circumstances, that it has been difficult to assemble an exhibition of pictures during a world crisis, not to say cataclysm, yet nevertheless such restrictions do not apply so rigorously to the American section. Moreover, in general arrangement and not infrequently in questions of specific choice, the native display is infe-



*Panama-Pacific International Exposition
IN THE SUN*

BY THEODORE ROBINSON

American Painting at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

rior to many of the foreign rooms. The average of merit attained by Sweden, for example, and the installation of the Swedish, Dutch, and Italian exhibits are notable instances of what, despite unpropitious conditions, the Europeans have been able to accomplish. Even a casual stroll through the galleries is sufficient to convince one that, in the mat-

Grosse Berliner, the Secession exhibitions of Berlin and Vienna, in the more characteristic capitals of Prague and Budapest, or in such cities as Stockholm, Düsseldorf, Dresden, Munich, and Venice. Modern pictorial installation originated in Brussels at the Libre Aesthétique, and from thence passed on to Austria and the rest of Eur-



Panama-Pacific International Exposition

SPANISH COURTYARD

BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

ter of ambitious international art exhibitions, we are moving consistently backward. The World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 was superior to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in 1904, which, in turn, was manifestly better than the present Panama-Pacific.

It is doubtless ungracious to possess a somewhat extensive perspective, or to recall with vivid freshness how paintings are currently displayed at the

ope. Though historically part of the decorative regeneration which derived from William Morris, neither the English nor the Americans grasped its significance, nor can they be said to do so to the present day. Quite obviously we Anglo-Saxons are a generation behind in such matters. Burlington House in London and the Vanderbilt Gallery in New York are annually the scene of the most antiquated hanging throughout the civilized



Panama-Pacific International Exposition - Retrospective Section

FOURTH OF JULY IN CENTRE SQUARE
BY JOHN LEWIS KRIMMELL

American Painting at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

world. A few institutions, such as the Brooklyn Museum, the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, and the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, have made notable advances during the past few seasons, yet even so, the essential principles of appropriate installation are with us but imperfectly appreciated and ineffectually practised.

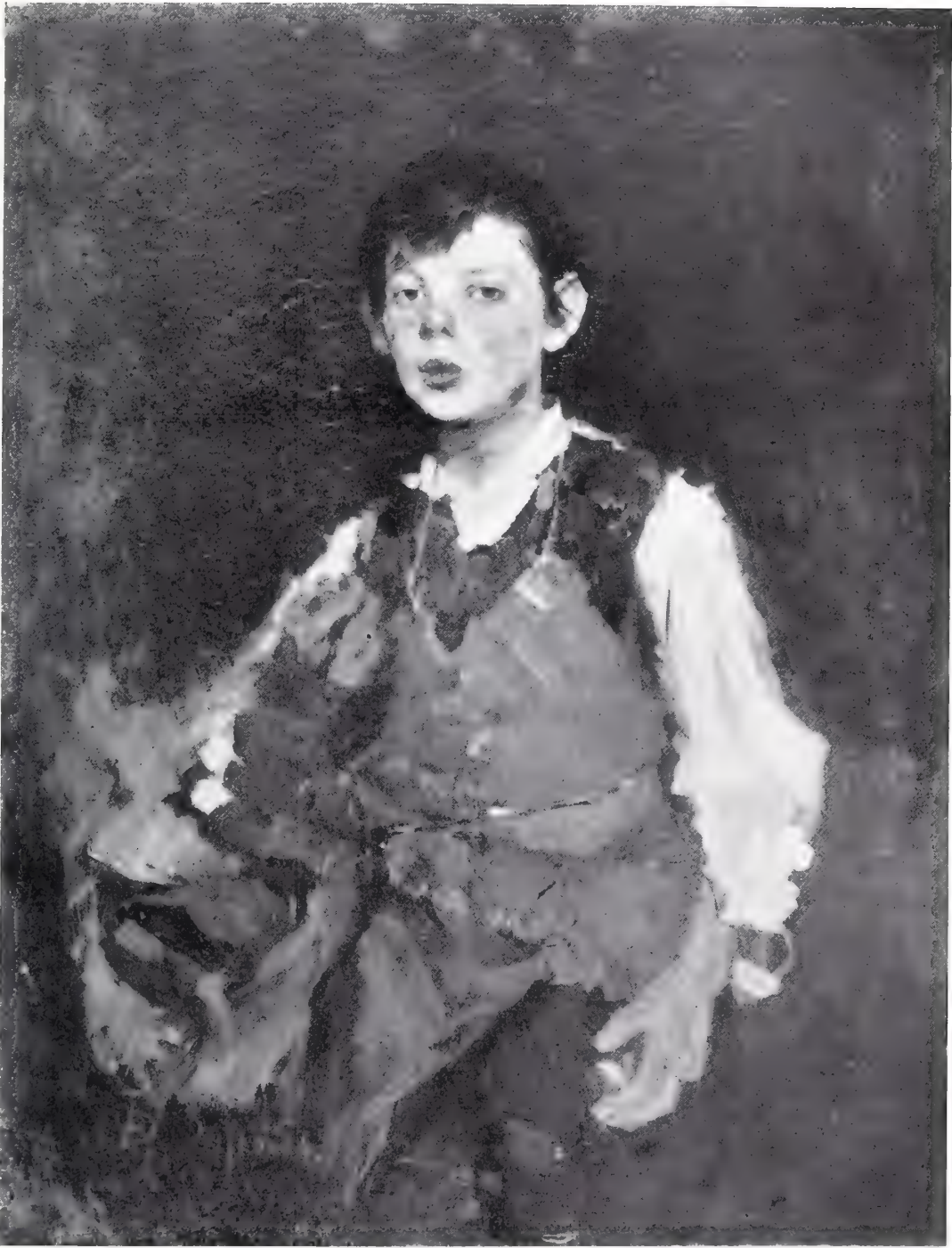
Assiduous readers of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, than whom no single body is better informed upon the subject of contemporary painting, will encounter little that is novel in the American section of this same classico-romantic Palace of Fine Arts. We shall not, in the circumstance, attempt an inventory of the several rooms, but rather, if possible, summarize the salient features of the exhibition as a whole. The task is a simple one. It is primarily a question as to whether the general public does or does not leave the building having experienced that great aesthetic adventure so eagerly and earnestly looked forward to. Have they discovered something new, or has their customary attitude toward art been merely amplified and diversified? In brief, does the director in his selection and disposal of these thousands of works pictorial and plastic enforce, or does he enfeeble, the fine emotional fervour, the thrill of expectancy created by the architect? In deference to our readers in particular, and to the community at large, the question is one which demands a specific answer.

After studying the public as well as the paintings during some six weeks' sojourn, the representative of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is face to face with the conclusion that there must be something amiss with what may be generically termed the San Francisco system. Despite a presumable predisposition for the production of their countrymen and the personality of the various artists, our good people from West or East do not appear to be experiencing the requisite reaction from the American section. The reason is not far to seek. Whatever be the extenuating circumstances, and in every exhibition there are extenuating circumstances, the collective impression is inconclusive. Starting with the magnanimous, not to say merciful, assumption that all which meets the eye is worthy of inclusion in such an exhibition, there is still much to be desired. The methods employed fail to disclose the decorative significance of a given canvas. We are shown what a picture is, but not what a picture is for. Suspended in dual,

sometimes even triple, alignment, the effect is stupefying rather than stimulating. Save in a few instances the backgrounds are dull, grimy and unprepossessing, and it is hence impossible for many of the works to appear to advantage.

The situation would seem to resolve itself into a question of imperfect sympathy. A painting either is or is not an expression of creative emotion, something into which the artist has put his version of the visible world or his vague aspiration toward that great, beckoning beauty which is the heritage of all people in all ages. To distribute canvases about the walls like so many unrelated specimens is not to accord painting its requisite spiritual or social, not to speak of aesthetic, consideration. It is true that the practice is a venerable one, yet it is also true that it is being modified and rectified in virtually every country from Scandinavia to South America. There seems, however, a certain fatality attached to us when we appear beside the foreigners on the occasion of important international exhibitions. One recalls with pathos the moribund American room at the Venice Exposition of 1909, and the more pretentious fiasco at the Roman Esposizione Internazionale two years later. We do not realize the importance of proper spacing or proper setting for our vast and varied pictorial output. Our exposition and museum directors are doing little along these lines to bridge the ever-widening abyss between the producing artist and the aspiring public. They continue to employ methods that are obsolete. They fail, above all, to appreciate the fundamental affinity between beauty and utility.

As may be inferred from the foregoing, the best features of the American section are to be found not in the galleries devoted to miscellaneous work, but in those dedicated to individual masters, of which there are, fortunately, not a few. Of the deceased painters, separate rooms or walls have been allotted to Whistler, Edwin A. Abbey, Winslow Homer, John La Farge, Theodore Robinson, John H. Twachtman and others, while prominent among the living thus to be honoured are Frank Duveneck, William M. Chase, John S. Sargent, Gari Melchers, J. Alden Weir, Edmund C. Tarbell, Childe Hassam, and Edward W. Redfield. The super-sensitive art of Whistler, so exacting, so persistent in its search for preciousness, is seen to special advantage in the full-length likeness of *Mrs. Huth* and a series of panels from the collection of Charles L. Freer, Esq. The room is small,



Panama-Pacific International Exposition

THE WHISTLING BOY
BY FRANK DUENECK

American Painting at the Panama-Pacific Exposition



Panama-Pacific International Exposition

THE COMING STORM

BY WINSLOW HOMER

and, with the exception of the portrait already mentioned, the subjects are restricted in size. The effect is none the less one of welcome propriety. It is a secluded little sanctuary to taste, a corner where one may commune with a frail though ardent spirit, one whose legacy to the world is slender, yet imperishable.

We shall not presume to characterize each of the above artists. Abbey, who never found paint a congenial or spontaneous medium, and La Farge, who ranks at best as a studious, eclectic amateur, call for scant comment. The salutary naturalism of Winslow Homer is but insufficiently indicated, though one has, in compensation, a serene, clear-toned wall from which shine the radiant masterpieces of Theodore Robinson. The pioneer American impressionist painted modest themes—bits of winding canal, glimpses of white cottage nestled against green hillside, peasant girls musing under spreading apple boughs or stretched prone upon the grass. There is no pose, no hint of pretence here. Robinson went straight to the heart of the scene, however simple and unambitious it may have seemed. Out of little he made much. He painted light, air, and colour. The purest lyric talent we have thus far produced, he sang a song steeped in outdoor brightness and objective tran-

quillity. Starting from a somewhat similar point of view, that which in Robinson remained analysis, became with Twachtman a species of creative synthesis. His opalescent panels are veritable improvisations wherein the essentials of impressionism have been superseded by a subtle abstraction strongly suggestive of the Japanese. Both men died in the fullness of attainment, and you have merely to survey the walls of any current exhibition in order to realize how sadly we miss certain elements of taste, sensibility, and aesthetic integrity which were the touchstones of these two brief but significant careers.

There can be nothing invidious in the contention that the chief success among living American painters represented at San Francisco has been achieved by Frank Duveneck. Though reminiscent of the Munich Academy manner and the murky tonality of Piloty and the Italo-Bavarians of some four decades ago, Mr. Duveneck's work is by no means devoid of personality. You will doubtless recall Leibl in confronting certain of these portraits. You may here and there encounter echoes of von Lenbach or the sumptuous Venetians, yet always you will meet the eye and hand, the mind and manipulative mastery of Duveneck himself. As far as the general public is concerned, and the

American Painting at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

public is, alas, seldom recognizant in such cases, Frank Duveneck has of late years been merely a respected and honoured memory. The present exhibition has served to rehabilitate his name and ensure for him that position in the development of American painting which he so rightfully merits.

While adequately presented, less interest attaches to the work of our periodic prize winners than to certain more individual talents. In the company of such men as Tarbell, Hassam, Metcalf, and Redfield, one experiences a sense of quotidian familiarity. They are specialists, and may always be counted upon to maintain established standards. Their production reveals few departures and no surprises. It is consequently to the younger element that we must turn in order to gather a less perfunctory impression of contemporary painting, and in this connexion may be cited the names of Frederick C. Frieseke, Hayley Lever, Max Bohm, Walter Griffin, and Howard Gardiner Cushing. Mr. Frieseke is the official as well as

popular success of the exhibition. By no means profound, or divulging any disquieting depth of feeling, his canvases are nevertheless captivating in their sheer, bright-toned beauty, their luminous iridescence, whether of boudoir or sun-flecked river bank. In Mr. Lever we discern a more sturdy achievement, and note a special gift for colour draughtsmanship and a sense of rhythm as rare as it is welcome.

There can be no doubt but that the complexion of current art is fast changing. To these changes the public is rapidly becoming accustomed, more rapidly, perhaps, than exposition promoters and museum officials realize. We are casting off our congenital conservatism and dependence. The Fontainebleau-Barbizon tradition which so long darkened and sentimentalized native landscape, and the aesthetic anaemia that emanated from the delicate organism of Whistler have been succeeded by fresher, more invigorating tendencies. It was Manet who, in 1870, began posing figures in the



Panama-Pacific International Exposition

ST. IVES FISHING BOATS

BY HAYLEY LEVER

American Painting at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

garden of De Nittis, and from Manet and Monet onward the sun has flooded art with increasing brilliancy. While one cannot describe the paintings at the Panama-Pacific Exposition as being in any degree radical or modernistic, still they are sufficiently indicative of the fact that art in America is progressing along normal, wholesome lines. Cubism, Futurism, Orphism, and the like have been excluded from the native section. Those who visit the Palace of Fine Arts will not encounter upon these walls any third or fourth dimensional experiments. There are, it is true, a few arsenical nudes in evidence, yet as a rule there is nothing that could possibly perturb the cautious or timorous.

We appear, on the whole, to display less fervour and less creative fecundity than do our foreign colleagues. The sense of style is with us not so prominently developed, nor do we seem so individual in our general outlook. Such considerations are not superficial. They are fundamental. Our art begins at the top instead of surging irresistibly up from the wellsprings of nature and character. We still betray the effects of an imperfectly established social equilibrium. We lack on one hand the sturdy substratum of peasant endeavour which the Europeans so abundantly possess, and, on the other, that central authority which must always constitute the final court of appeal. While, as is so eloquently demonstrated at San Francisco, we have accomplished memorable things in architecture, sculpture and painting, we must not be misled by mere exposition enthusiasm into believing that the prize of beauty has been, or can ever be, definitively captured.

And as you linger outside the galleries in the fading light, with the stars mirrored in the surface of the pool and the swans gliding silently about, you will doubtless think less of *Cythère* than of *Die Toteninsel*. The dream of a splendid exhibition of contemporary painting, something uniquely educational and uniquely inspirational will, perhaps, have vanished. The architect, with the perspective of the ages behind him, has, in his visible suggestion of human aspiration and human futility, given us something more subtle than that vouchsafed by the art director. The one was a prophecy, the other merely a promise.

NOTE.—The papers by Dr. Christian Brinton upon the Panama-Pacific Exposition commenced with the June issue, and comprised articles upon

the San Diego and San Francisco Expositions, June and July, followed by the present article upon the American paintings. Following these articles will be two upon foreign paintings, and a concluding paper covering the sculpture, all from the pen of Dr. Brinton, also one by Mr. William Francklyn Paris upon the work of the great French modern, M. Albert Besnard, whose work has stirred the imaginations of all who have been privileged to see it.

The many subscribers who are following with interest the Panama-Pacific Exposition articles will be glad to know that the Brinton material is to be issued in the form of a brochure, directly reprinted from the *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*. Only a limited edition will be issued. Order from booksellers or John Lane Company, New York.



Panama-Pacific International Exposition

PORTRAIT OF MRS. HUTH BY JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

The Paris Salon of Fifty Years Ago

THE PARIS SALON OF FIFTY YEARS AGO. BY D. CROAL THOMSON.

(First Article.)

THE interest in French art, as in everything connected with our nearest Ally, has been naturally deepened by the events of the war. Had the usual Paris Salon been held this year it would have been one of great importance as indicating tendencies for the future. But to open the Salon has not been found possible, not only because so many artists are to be found in the fighting line, but also from the inevitable jolt that such a war gives to all artistic movement.

It is, of course, quite certain that the ultimate effect of the present upheaval will be beneficial to the development of new ideas, for the old ways are being abandoned, and we can only speculate as to what direction the new movement will take.

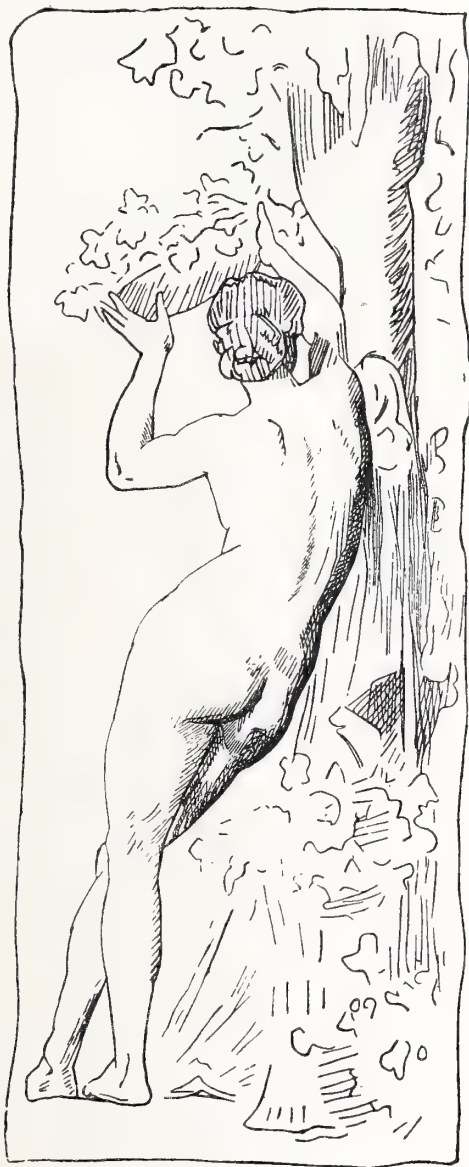
From 1789 onwards, and again in 1830, fresh ground was broken by both artists and writers, and we may look forward to the immediate future to witness some equivalent development of which, however, as yet we have no serious indication.

The changes which occur in artistic movements are not easily discernible at the immediate

turning-point, but the modifications in a period of fifty years are very great. For this reason the study of French art at the Salon of fifty years ago is specially interesting, and when we can accompany the consideration of the pictures at that time with facsimiles of original drawings made by the artists concerned for a publication called "*L'Autographe au Salon*," this interest is vastly increased.

In looking back over all these years we possess the obvious advantage of being able to judge from a truer perspective, which enables us to estimate each artist on the whole of his life's productions, and not only from the individual work of the year when it was produced. It is also quite certain that the critic, and likewise the public, of the Sixties, accepted with favour many painters of what in England we call Victorian Art, and of whom now we hold no great account.

We shall follow the sequence of our reproductions and commence with Puvis de Chavannes (1824-1898), who in 1864 was only beginning to be recognised. Three years before he had exhibited *Peace and War*, which he had prepared for the decoration of the Amiens Museum, his first great work. Some dozen years later he designed the great artistic triumph of his life, and the best known, the St. Geneviève panels in the Panthéon at Paris.



"L'AUTOMNE" BY P. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

*croquis d'une figure faisant partie d'un tableau exposé
au Salon de 1864* P. Puvis de Chavannes

The Paris Salon of Fifty Years Ago



“THE SEAWEED GATHERERS”

BY E. V. LUMINAIS

Our frontispiece is a study for the *Vintage*, the panel to the left of the vast *Ave Picardia Nutrix* on the staircase at Amiens, which was first seen at the Salon of 1865. The other illustration carries the artist's autographic note that it is the sketch for his Salon picture of 1864.

The two figures in the frontispiece are more academic in drawing than the single figure in the earlier sketch, and they are curiously traditional in treatment. They might, indeed, have been drawn by one of the more severely trained draughtsmen of the period. The 1864 figure from *L'Automne* is a jewel of the first water, and the movement of line is masterly in the highest degree. It looks like a sketch very rapidly made, but with that complete power which full knowledge of the subject, previously gained, alone is able to produce.

Our frontispiece is, moreover, a lesson to our young artists to emphasize what every one will tell them is the only path to mastery: the precise and careful study of each detail of the composition. Puvis' draughtsmanship was never seen to better advantage than in this masterly, if somewhat over-careful, drawing.

Our next illustration is by an artist but little known outside France, but his picture, *Les Enervés de Juniéges*, was long in the Luxembourg. Our sketch by E. V. Luminais (1822-1896) was for his picture of *Seaweed Gatherers*, and the picture has its pathetic as well as a poetic side. Every one

agrees that the gleaner in the field of corn can be a majestic figure, full of dignity and charm, but the poor seaweed gatherers possess an added pathos because of the poverty of their miserable harvest, hardly repaying their strenuous labour to bring it to their poor cabins.

Now we have the works of Honoré Daumier (1808-1879), an artist whose great qualities have only come to be generally acknowledged since the turn of the present century. Indeed, at the time THE STUDIO brought out a Special Number on his work and that of Gavarni,* some ten years ago, comparatively few people outside France were familiar with his work. Here and there, before his death, an art critic gifted with special foresight strove to bring him fame, but in his lifetime his success was very limited.

Daumier is an artist closely akin in his manner of observing things to Jean François Millet, and what Millet did for the French peasant, Daumier has done for the small shopkeeper and the humbler professional man. Daumier hated all limbs of the law, and many of his pictures and sketches of them descend almost to caricature when portraying judges and lawyers in the Courts.

It is also to be noted that Daumier's drawings are not very far away from the sketches of Michael

* "Daumier and Gavarni," with Critical and Biographical Notes by Henri Frantz and Octave Uzanne. 1904.



"THE COMBATANTS," FROM A
SKETCH BY HONORÉ DAUMIER

The Paris Salon of Fifty Years Ago



"THE PEASANTS AND THE PIPE"

BY HONORÉ DAUMIER

Angelo, and although apparently so revolutionary in his methods Daumier is really traditional in his expression. At Windsor is the very remarkable drawing by Michael Angelo of the *Bersaglio* (one of his very finest), and therein are some figures which Daumier's *Combatants* resemble. The Italian, it must be said, was a more consummate master of the pencil, and his knowledge of figures surpasses the Frenchman's, but Daumier has the greater gift of making his figures stand more firmly on their feet.

Fifty years ago Daumier was at the height of his power, and the sketches here reproduced are characteristic of his work. Like J. F. Millet and Theo. Rousseau, Daumier appears to have favoured warmly the idea of these autographic reproductions, and in an 1865 publication he has filled a large page with nearly a dozen different pieces. *The Peasants and the Pipe* might be a character-sketch from Balzac, full of rough vigour and altogether alive as it is.

The *Souvenirs du Palais de Justice* are sketches of a kind Daumier made in dozens, mostly in black and white, often in colour, and occasionally in oil painting. Many of his lawyer pictures rise to the highest point of his vigorous art.

In these *Souvenirs* Daumier is in his glory, and the life of the Parisian Law Courts was never more perfectly portrayed. The avocat with his brief, walking in the Salle de Pas Perdue to let every one see the size of his fee and the importance of his task, is the most solemn; for the other three sketches show his colleagues in the act of protesting, pleading, and of pouring wrath upon an unfortunate witness. The avocat in the act of pleading

was afterwards elaborated into a splendid water-colour drawing, which is now in a well-chosen collection in England.

In all these drawings not a single line or portion thereof is set down which does not carry its full weight of power in the production. Only the veriest essentials are indicated, and the power of the master is most fully shown in these apparently hasty drawings, which were, however, as Whistler would have said, the product of thirty or forty years of training.

Adolphe Hervier (1827-1879) was a man of entirely different calibre from Daumier, or of Millet, whom we shall presently discuss. Many times he was refused at the Salon—it is said more than twenty in all; but he had his admirers, although it is certain his life was never an easy one. The sketch of the *Fishing Boat* is not at all a usual subject for Hervier, as he mostly painted interiors of courtyards or old-fashioned houses.

We now come to Jean François Millet (1814-1875), who was delighted with the new process which gave to the world his drawings, and he, like Daumier, covered a whole folio page with sketches, and of these we render the greater number. Not only does he make drawings, but he also sets forth in writing the true charms of the country, and of the flowers of the field, and he quotes, as he was fond of doing, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

It was in May 1863 that Millet wrote the letter reproduced on p. 84. At that time his famous picture *The Man with the Hoe* was on exhibition at the Salon; the critics united in a great majority to condemn that painting, but altogether for the subject and not for



"SOUVENIRS DU PALAIS"
BY HONORÉ DAUMIER

The Paris Salon of Fifty Years Ago

its art. The labourer literally pants as he leans on his hoe, the embodiment, as has been said, of hard work and severe toil. Millet was called a Socialist of the worst order, one trying to subvert the constitution of Society and much more in a sense which to us now appears entirely contemptible. One critic only, M. Theo Pelloquet, understood the picture and sympathised with the artist: writing of Millet as the poetic interpreter of a style of work undeveloped until then. Up to Millet's time, art had usually been a flatterer, and the cold truth, even grave and dignified as the artist represented it, was so uncommon as not only to be unwelcome but positively actively disagreeable to the public mind. This picture has since conquered its critics, and it is now allowed to be one of his finest works. It is often associated in people's minds with Rodin's *Le Penseur*, and as works of art they are closely akin.

In 1863 Millet was also painting several subjects with shepherdesses, and two of his best are dated 1864 and 1865, the latter being the famous *Shepherdess with the Flock*, engraved in my Barbizon book, and often since reproduced.

Although Millet dates the letter reproduced 1863,

I am inclined to think this is an error of the year, as a letter exists, written on June 6, 1864, which says, "Je vais faire un croquis pour l'Autographe." This sketch has, however, nothing directly to do with Millet's contributions to the Salon, and he appears just to have made his drawings of whatever was interesting him at the moment, and without reference to any picture. It is possible that there is a painting of a peasant burning weeds, but at present I cannot recall it, and it does not form one of the series of reproductions made by Millet himself and by others from his designs. The same remark applies to the *Peasant Girl Resting* (and thinking perhaps of a faithful lover), but the lively little sketch of ducks was probably a recollection of the *Goose Girl* which Millet painted with remarkably fine qualities of colour about this time.

Of Jean Louis Hamon (1821-1874) the English-speaking world knows very little, but in the France of fifty years ago he was highly esteemed. He was trained to be a priest, but his artistic activities brought him into notice, Ingres advising him to go through a regular training, and in order to do this he underwent severe privations. Gleyre, the first teacher of Whistler (whose studio was "Carrels,"



"FISHING-BOAT MAKING PORT"

BY ADOLPHE HERVIER

The Paris Salon of Fifty Years Ago



SKETCH OF DUCKS

BY J. F. MILLET

signature, is eminently character-showing, and represents the greatest genius of the Barbizon school. Rousseau was the man with most originality, most sense of bigness, and largest all-round artist's outlook in his circle: and these were none of them small men—J. F. Millet, Corot, and Dupré—all of them great painters, but all willing to acknowledge the supremacy of Theodore Rousseau.

The sketch by Claude Monet (born 1840) comes



"PEASANT GIRL RESTING"

BY J. F. MILLET

in "Trilby"), became interested in Hamon, and helped him to a position as a designer at the Sèvres manufactory. Hamon has one picture in the Louvre. The drapery of the young girl drinking (p. 87) proves him to have been an artist able to draw delicately and accurately. The idea of the sketch is a fairy figure drinking out of a convolvulus flower in recollection of the feasting at a betrothal party. The subject was afterwards engraved in line under the title *L'Automne*.

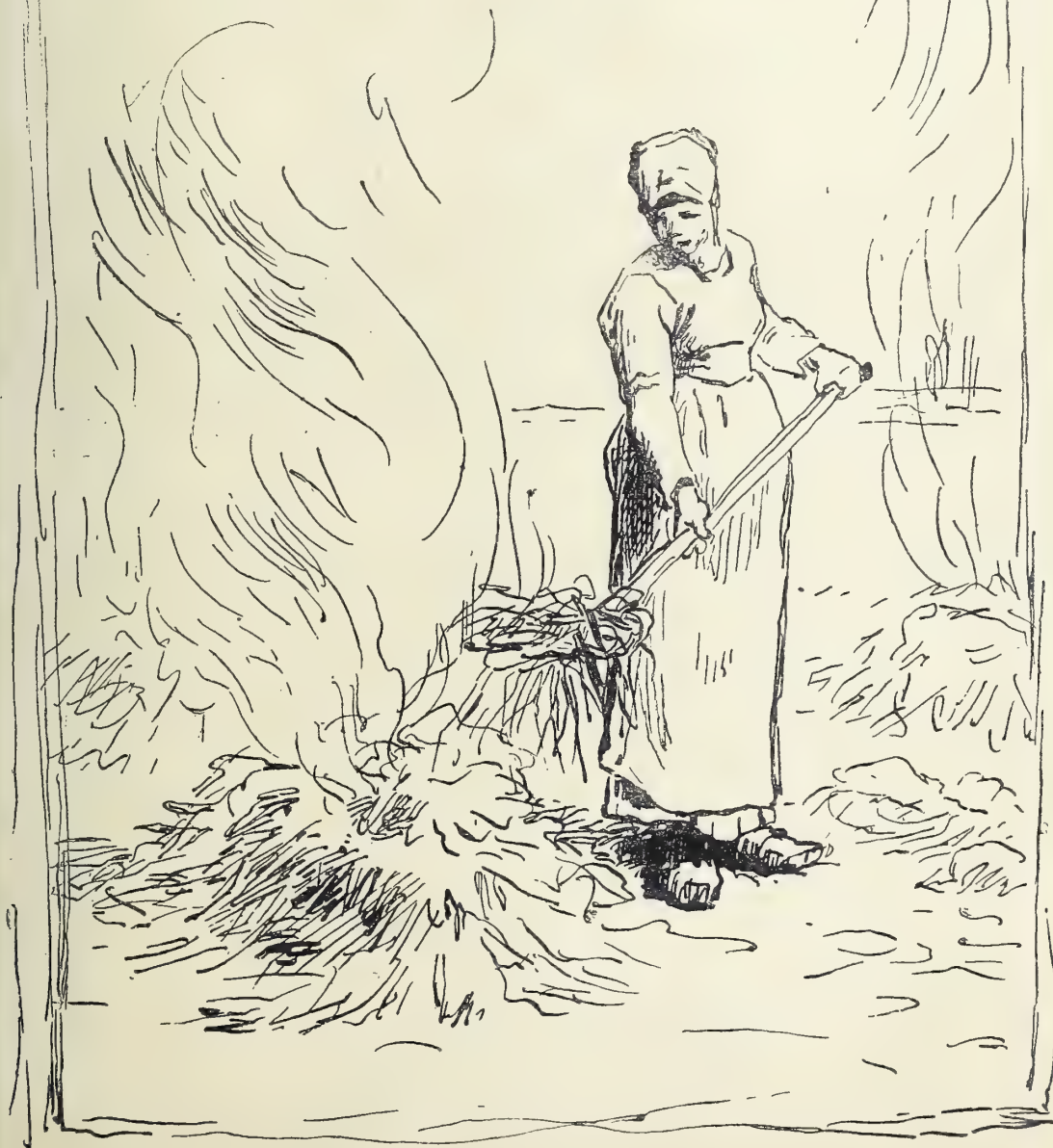
We now return to Barbizon with the masterly sketch of Theo. Rousseau (1812-1867) in Fontainebleau Forest, *L'Arcadie*, and his charming letter to the editor of "L'Autographe." Like Millet, he appears to have just sent a sketch of what was interesting him at the moment, for there was no picture of the kind at the Salon. This, however, only makes the sketch more interesting, and it is one that may profitably be studied in every detail. It is, perhaps, a little conventional in its treatment, especially in the rock outlines, but the whole effect is magistral in its conception and execution. The letter, with its friendly final word, "Je vous serre la main," and its clear writing and

Barbizon 30 mai 1863

Il en est qui me disent
que je nie les charmes de la
campagne, j'y trouve bien
plus que des charmes :
infinies splendeurs. J'y
vois tout comme aux
petites fleurs, dont le
Christ dit "Je vous
assure que Salomon même
dans toute sa gloire n'a
jamais été vêtu comme
l'une d'elles" Je vois très
bien les arbrisseaux, les
pissenlits & le soleil qui
éclaire tout bien loin par
delà les pays sa gloire
dans les nuages. Je n'en
vois pas moins dans la plaine
tout fumant les chevaux
qui labourent puis dans
un endroit où il y a un
homme tout crasseux dont
on a entendu les hurlements
depuis le matin, qui tâche
de se redresser un instant
pour souffler. Le diable
est enveloppé de splendeurs.
Cela n'est pas de mon
invention, mais y a long-
temps que cette expression
"le cri de la terre" est
trouvée. Mes critiques
sont des gens instruits
& de goût. j'imagine, mais
je n'espère pas mettre dans
leur pensée. & comme je n'ai
jamais de ma vie vu autre
chose que les champs, je
tâche de dire comme j'en
ce que j'ai vu & éprouvé
quand j'y travaillais. Ceux
qui voudront faire mieux
ont certes la part
belle.

J. F. Millet

il faut pouvoir faire servir
le trivial a l'expression du sublime
c'est la la vraie force



"PEASANT BURNING WEEDS." FROM
A SKETCH BY J. F. MILLET



The Paris Salon of Fifty Years Ago

like a breeze, and a strong one, from the south-east; and never, I am sure, were strength of wind and movement of water more vividly made visible in a pen-and-ink drawing.

In 1865, when the picture was exhibited at the Salon, Claude Monet scarcely was heard of, although already he had some ardent admirers. None was more so than M. René Valadon, of the House of Goupil, and I recollect arranging a superb show of Monets at the old Goupil Gallery in New Bond Street about the year 1886. By that time Monet had made his mark in Paris, and M. Valadon and I thought he ought to be better known in London. But in a three weeks' exhibition not one of the public came to see the pictures, and only one artist was a visitor, Mr. John R. Reid, for to no one else in England at that time had Monet anything to say. A similar group in London now, if it could be brought together, would rouse the whole artistic community both lay and professional.

Ferdinand Chaigneau, who was born at Bordeaux in 1830, has been exhibiting in the Salon until recent years, and he has made his name in painting animals like his master, Brascassat. Also, although the drawing we now present (p. 91) is from another locality, yet many of Chaigneau's finest pictures were taken round about Barbizon. He is not a master painter in the sense of being a leader, for those who follow have necessarily some one in front of them, and Chaigneau is a reflection of Millet but without the masterly grasp of the great French peasant painter. It was in 1860 that Chaigneau came under the spell of the Barbizon masters, and Charles Jacque especially exercised a powerful influence over his work. He frequently exhibited in London, and there are several of his pictures at South Kensington.

It is odd to find our Landseer (1802-1873) amongst the exhibitors at the Salon fifty years ago, but our celebrated animal painter was already well known on the Continent through the engravings made of his works. Exactly why this drawing of *The Death of the Stag* (p. 93) should have appeared

in "L'Autographe au Salon" for the year 1865 I do not know, for Sir Edwin sent no pictures to the Salon either in that year or in 1864. There is a little note to the 1865 reproduction which points out, and that quite truly, that Landseer was not a great draughtsman, nor a colourist, nor a designer of the force of Troyon, the equally celebrated animal painter of France; but he sought something different — the expression, the sentiment, or if you will, the soul of the animal. These qualities he preserved in a high degree, and they gave his pictures a great value even though the colour of his paintings resembled water-colour rather than oil. This judgment is quite accurate, for generally speaking Landseer's works are better appreciated through their black-and-white reproductions than in the originals. The engravings still retain a good proportion of their original value, but the pictures themselves have become less and less to the

liking of collectors, and the poverty of the colour is the main reason for this decline of favour.

Our sketch is very similar in design to the picture of *The Death of the Stag* in the English National Gallery, and it is almost certainly a study for it. The agony of the dying stag carried down a torrent and worried by stag-hounds is vividly shown. The painting, however, was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1833 and formed part of the Vernon Bequest in 1847, and therefore many years before the sketch was reproduced.



"L'IMITATEUR" (JOUR DE FIANÇAILLES)
BY JEAN LOUIS HAMON



TH. Rousseau

Barbizon

Je vous envoie un petit croquis, en souvenir
de nos promenades dans ce lieu Antique de la
Forêt de Fontainebleau que nous avons nommé
l'Arcadie tant vibrant encore du son des anciennes
poésies, et où nous nous laissons toujours aller
à des évocations que les échos rariss, portent
parfois au loin jusqu'à l'oreille du garde-chasse
ou du carrier. (Rappelez-vous celui dont les
entrailles s'émurent une fois sous cette influence
poétique et qui crut trouver une Grillade dans
le creux d'un vieux chêne... Il nous en vint
toujours de n'avoir pas ce jour-là déjeuné plus
copieusement que d'habitude) Et notre prochain
séjour nous y retournerons.

À Bientôt, je vous serre la main

Th Rousseau



"EMBOUCHURE DE LA SEINE À HONFLEUR"
FROM A SKETCH BY CLAUDE MONET

Moutons dans la plaine d'Arbonne - F. Chaigneau



"MOUTONS DANS LA PLAINE D'ARBONNE"
FROM A SKETCH BY F. CHAIGNEAU



The Paris Salon of Fifty Years Ago



SKETCH FOR "THE DEATH OF THE STAG"

BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

Corot's sketch from memory of his great picture, *Environs du Lac de Nemi*, in the Salon in 1865, is extremely interesting. It is a wash drawing, and was reproduced in "L'Autographe au Salon" by a half-tone process; this in the sixties was an undertaking of great technical difficulty; and, without being precise, it seems to have been one of the earliest successful productions of its kind.

Corot's picture was so much admired that many of his friends wished him to be awarded the Médaille d'Honneur, or principal honour of the artistic year. Many "ballotages" took place in the voting, but ultimately, to the extreme disappointment of Corot's admirers, he came out second. In 1874 the same rejection of Corot occurred, and it was in that year that Gérôme was given the place of honour.

Gérôme was a clever draughtsman and a cleverer art politician. Fifty years ago he was producing pictures such as *The Prisoner of the Nile*, *The Duel after the Ball*, and other works of this character which were greatly admired by critics at the time.

We now look on these as simple illustrations and not possessing any great artistic qualities except that of brilliant dexterity.

There is a grudge against Gérôme in the direction indicated. Like all French artists he wanted to obtain the Médaille d'Honneur of the Salon, and in 1874 he used all his influence to secure it for himself. Through powerful wire-pulling by means of his pupils (for he was at the head of a large and successful training school) he obtained his ambition. But my grievance is that his opponent in the voting, being dear old Camille Corot, who was then in his eightieth year, Gérôme showed no consideration for the veteran painter. Corot did not live another twelve months to have a further opportunity to attain to the highest position French artists can bestow on their colleagues. But his individual admirers met and subscribed for a special gold medal of their own, which the great landscape painter received very shortly before his death. Gérôme was only fifty-nine at the time and lived

The Paris Salon of Fifty Years Ago

for another twenty years, so that he might have stood aside to let the much older man receive the honour. Would Gérôme's supporters have had any chance against Corot in 1915?

Corot was not much in the habit of making sketches of his pictures either preliminary, or as recollections of completed work as in this one we have of the *Lac de Nemi*. He was continually making studies from Nature, and carrying on his paintings a stage further.

In the folio book of "The Landscapes of Corot" issued by THE STUDIO last year, I wrote of the difficulty every critic encounters in trying to settle even an approximate date for many of Corot's pictures. The only safe time to be put down is when they were exhibited at the Salon, or when they were dated; but this only means the period they were completed, and cannot be held to be the absolute time of their execution. The "Souvenirs d'Italie" were all begun twenty-five or thirty years before they were finished. After the first "rub-in" and the settling of the composition, when, perhaps, it was on the easel only one or two days, the canvas would be set aside, and sometimes years elapsed

before the painter touched it again. Some fine morning Corot would look it up and carry it a stage further; and then once more it would join the heap of canvases standing face to the wall, in a long row in a corner of the studio. There it might remain for another term of years before it was taken up, finally completed and signed, and allowed to leave the studio.

The last drawing of the present series is the vivacious sketch of *A Soldier of Fortune* by Meissonier. It is an illustration to "L'Aventurière" by Emile Augier, and is a favourable example of an artist who, celebrated fifty years ago, remains almost equally well known to-day. Meissonier was an artist able to meet Gérôme on every point where he excelled and to beat him on all. Our drawing of *The Soldier of Fortune* is so well built up without being over-precise or stilted, that it would form an excellent piece to copy by an art student of an advanced stage. It appears to have been produced entirely with the brush, and the fine flourish of the feathers of the soldier's cap produces a kind of halo around the head which is very useful in the position.



"SOUVENIR DES ENVIRONS DU LAC DE NEMI"

BY J. B. C. COROT



"A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE." FROM
A SKETCH BY L. E. MEISSONIER.

The Royal Scottish Academy

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

UNLIKE the Royal Academy the exhibition of the year's art in the Royal Scottish Academy galleries gives little indication of the present war. One or two pictures touch the fringe, and Dr. MacGillivray's *La Flandre* in the Sculpture Hall shows that this versatile artist has been touched by what has happened in Belgium. Negatively the galleries show evidence of the activities of some of the younger men having been directed into another channel than art by the absence or paucity of their work. Yet the exhibition as a whole reaches quite a good level, and the work of the hanging committee has been so excellently carried out that the ensemble is altogether satisfactory. The number of portraits is not large, but there is good quality, figure-subjects are more than usually prominent, and landscapes are a fair average.

The specially invited pictures are of very unequal merit; several of them do not lend attraction to the

collection. One would not miss, however, the beautiful *Devant la Psyche* of Manet, nor the gaunt, impressive *Pilgrim* by Mancini, superior in its unity of effect to his nude woman set against what appears to be a woodland background with distracting points of light. Of three works by Mr. F. C. Frieseke *The Toilet* is the most interesting, and its colour-scheme of silver and blue is very dainty. The large *L'Intrigue* is a typical work by the late Gaston la Touche, who was such a capable interpreter of light on colour; there is a good group by M. Emile Blanche, and Mr. Oberteuffer's *Notre Dame de Paris* is imposing though hardly so fine as the picture he sent last year of the same subject.

Of the English work Mr. Clausen's *La Pensée*, owned by Glasgow Corporation and painted in 1880, is interesting historically. Those acquainted with the artist's work of the last ten or twelve years might find it difficult to place this picture, but its merit is unquestionable. Very distinctive is Mr. Oswald Birley's large interior showing a pillared



"SEPTEMBER, COLVEND"

BY JAMES PATERSON, R.S.A.

The Royal Scottish Academy

room, and Mr. G. A. Storey's portrait of himself when a youth. Evidently painted many years ago, it is one of the fine things in the collection. Other attractions are Mr. Melton Fisher's *Winifred* and Mr. La Thangue's *Provençal Winter*.

Sir James Guthrie is represented by three portraits. The principal one is that of the Duke of Atholl—Sir James has already painted the Marquis and Marchioness of Tullibardine—and the President has wisely chosen to represent the Duke not in any panoply of rank but as the simple Highland laird most content to be among his mountains and glens. The bold suggestiveness of the background is not the least interesting feature; the head stands out well against the dark cloud brooding over the summit of the hill. His three-quarter length portrait of Mrs. Gardiner against a crimson background is full scaled in colour yet very gracious, and fine quality of colour and a distinctive personal note are shown in the smaller portrait of Mr. Gardiner. Mr. E. A. Walton is attaining a finer quality in his flesh painting, which is exemplified in his portrait of Mr. Theodore Salvesen in the quiet but pictorially attractive uniform of a Scottish Royal archer and even more so in that of Mr. A. J. Dunlop. Mr. Fiddes Watt's two portraits are rather remarkably dissimilar, that of Mr. David Thomson in Deputy Lieutenant's uniform is marked by rather pronounced fidelity to outward characteristics of feature, whereas his Mr. Speir of Culdees is not only suave, it has a spiritual quality which places it in the very front rank of Mr. Watt's portraiture. A beautiful simplicity and fine colour quality is evidenced in Mr. Henry Kerr's portrait of Miss Helen Munro, and an air of dignity and refinement characterises his portrait of the veteran Border minister—the Rev. J. Barr Pollock. Of Mr. Robert Hope's two por-

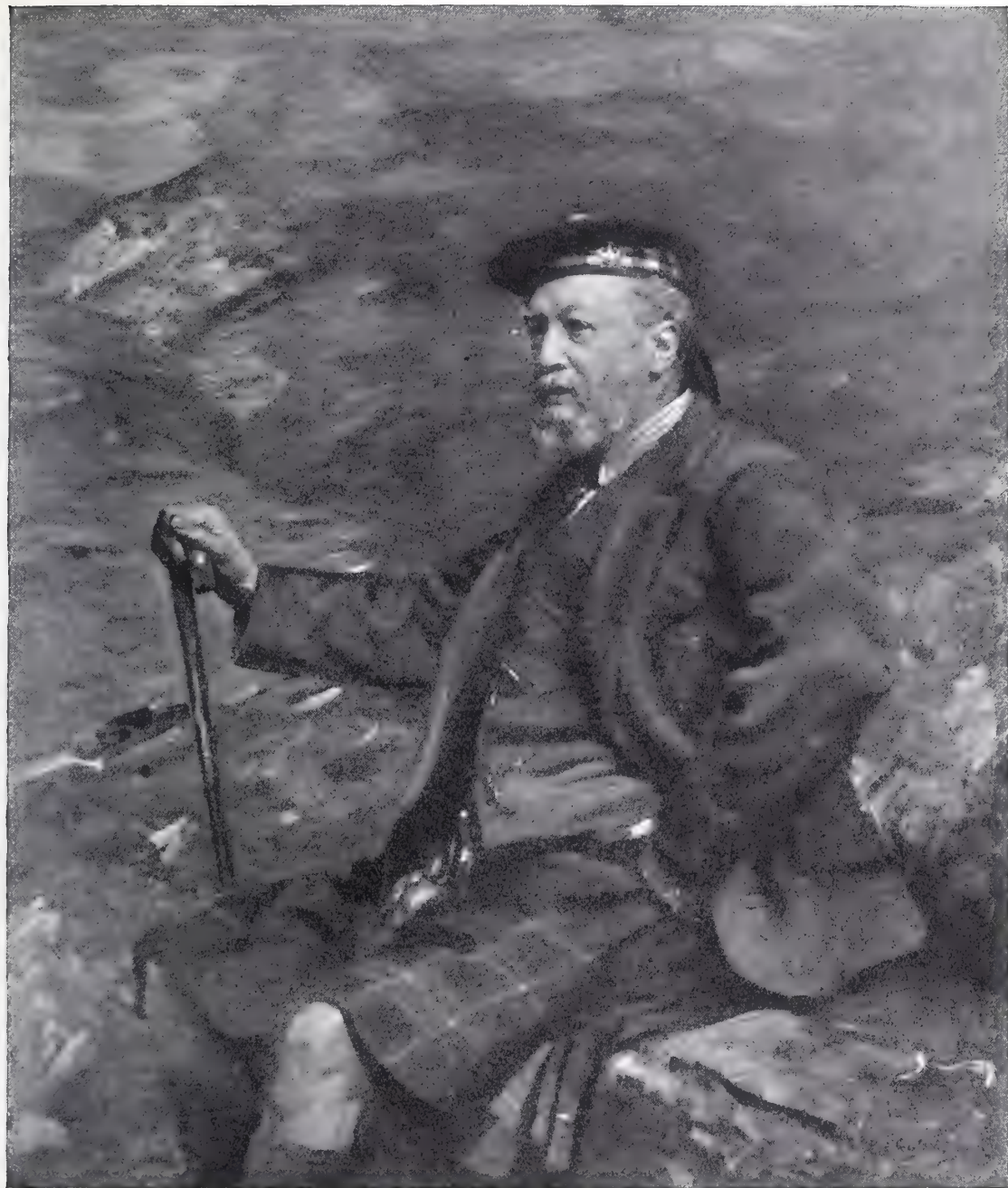
traits, the finer is that of Miss Nasmyth, delightfully natural, and rich in its colour quality. Very attractive also is his *Vanity Glass*, a large figure-subject of a veiled lady seated on a chintz-covered couch, while Mr. Hugh Cameron's study of a girl sewing, not a recent work, will hold place with the best of this artist's studies of girlhood. Mr. Gemmell Hutchison is at his best in the child portrait *Margaret*; Mr. Robert Burns has been successful with his portrait of the late Mr. Campbell Noble; Mr. James Paterson in his portrait study *Pansies* is expressively thoughtful; his son Mr. Hamish Paterson has a clever study of a young woman; and of beautiful rich colour quality is Mr. John R. Barclay's *Nancy*, fascinating in its quaintness.

The place of honour in the Great Room has been accorded to Mr. John Lavery's large picture of Anna Pavlova under the limelight in one of her fascinating dances, picturesquely flamboyant, pulsing with vigorous yet seemingly effortless action. Another centre-piece is Mr. Robert Burns's painting,



"NANCY"

BY JOHN R. BARCLAY



"HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ATHOLL, K.T."
BY SIR JAMES GUTHRIE, P.R.S.A.

The Royal Scottish Academy

*My love's in Germanie
Send him hame, send him hame.*

The figure is expressively posed, but the main interest lies in the management of the lighting from the candles on the piano and the contrast between this and the beautiful view of an East Coast estuary under a soft blue light. Mr. Ogilvy Reid's three figure-subjects are each thought out down to the minutest detail, and remarkably successful is his painting of the tapestry background to *The New Song*, an Orchardsonian subject. The other two are epics of the Jacobite Rebellion, one representing the preparations for the struggle by the sharpening of swords in a smithy, and the other a dejected fugitive chief in the cottage of a humble sympathiser. In *The Pool* Mr. W. S. MacGeorge has surrounded his group of children at play by the margin of the pool with a beautiful landscape setting; particularly successful is the realisation of happy childhood in two of the figures admiring their reflections. Within limits Mr. F. C. B. Cadell's *Afternoon* interior—a tea-party—is arrestingly clever, even brilliant. At the proper view-point the formless becomes real and living, but one feels that it is dangerously near the dividing line which separates incompleteness from accomplishment. Mr. Robert MacGregor's *Fugitives*, delicately phrased, is suggestive of the war; Mr. F. H. Newbery's *Sea Dogs*, two old fishermen in converse, shows the chief of the Glasgow Art School moving sturdily with the times, and Miss Cecile Walton (Mrs. Eric Robertson) in *Midsummer*, introducing the figures of the artist and her husband, shows a piece of decorative landscape *genre* seriously treated on a more important scale than she has yet essayed. It is a credit to the Edinburgh College of Art that it has produced such a skilful painter of the figure as Miss Dorothy Johnstone, the daughter of a deceased academician; her *Lorna and Wang* in its delicate colour-phrasing and accurate modelling is a work that might do credit to an artist of much riper experience.

In the domain of the imaginative nothing in the exhibition can hold place beside Mr. John Duncan's *Adoration of the Magi*. Mr. Duncan is a student of Celtic myth, and here he has repre-

sented the New Testament story as it might have filtered through tradition to the western isles. The scene is Highland, the ornamentation on the garments is Celtic, but the outstanding charm is the spiritual quality in the chief figures, the enshrining of the child-life in an atmosphere of tenderness and love.

Mr. D. Y. Cameron's *Nether Lochaber* is constructed on similar lines to his landscape in the Royal Academy, but more complete in its foreground. Mr. James Paterson's *September, Colvend*, in its pure strong colour of leafy foreground and mid-distance of blue water grips the eye, and Mr. Wingate makes one of his rare excursions into big landscape work, but, though fine in passages, it does not reach the artistic unity of such small canvases as his lovely *Sunset over the Sound of Kilbrannan*. Mr. Robert Noble's *Siller Saughs, Summertime*, is another, and one of the best of a considerable series of studies of grey-green willows



"LORNA AND WANG"

BY DOROTHY JOHNSTONE



"MY LOVE'S IN GERMANY"
BY ROBERT BURNS, A.R.S.A.

The Royal Scottish Academy



"REV. DR. ALEXANDER WHYTE" BY PAUL WISSAERT

on the banks of the East Lothian Tyne. The remarkable feature of the use that he makes of two or three hundred yards of river scenery is that he does not repeat himself as the years go by. In his *Berwickshire Headlands* Mr. J. Whitelaw Hamilton presents this rugged, indented coast-line under an evening light that casts its warmth on the bold cliffs and veils the mid-distance, while at their base the sea surges and swirls. The *Glengarnock Castle* landscape of Mr. George Houston pictures billowy uplands with the soft purple of the soil appearing through a powdering of snow; Mr. Campbell Mitchell's *Kintallen Mill*, with its foreground of mud flats, has a remarkable sky in which, however, one might question the wisdom of the arrangement of the cloud forms, and Mr. W. M. Frazer's *Peace* realises the spirit of a stretch of river scenery with a Corot-like rendering of the trees. Mr. Walton has an imposing study of an ash tree, Mr. Robert Burns a large seascape with billows breaking on a rocky coast, a striking departure from former work, Mr. R. B. Nisbet two good landscapes, Mr. W. D. Mackay a common with gorse in bloom, Mr. Charles Mackie a strongly coloured Venetian scene and an equally

effective picture of *Swing Boats* in a village by night.

Three studies of animals are shown by Mr. George Smith; the largest—a group of Highland ponies—is too large for its interest. Better work is shown in his picture of cattle, which has a very charming background; and his *Dutch Pastoral*, which is the smallest, is also the finest of the series. Mr. Walls exhibits a study of a lioness and cubs, not quite so convincing as most of his previous work, and Mr. Andrew Douglas two sunny cattle pictures.

The Water-Colour Room is more than usually attractive. The outstanding exhibit is a very large drawing on linen of a dead peacock by Mr. Edwin Alexander, a type of work in which he is *facile princeps* in Scotland at least. For brilliancy of colour and perfection of detail, yet retaining the impression of a broad and untrammelled treatment, it takes high rank. Mr. Henry Kerr has two excellent figure studies, Mr. R. B. Nisbet a charming drawing of fishing-boats on a calm sea, Mr. Marshall Brown a small but characteristic picture



"LA FLANDRE" BY W. PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY, LL.D., R.S.A.



"MARGARET." A PORTRAIT BY
GEMMELL HUTCHISON, R.S.A., R.O.I.



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI"
BY JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

Picturesque Kendal



“NETHER BRIDGE, KENDAL.”

BY ARTHUR TUCKER, R.B.A.

of children on a rocky beach, and Mr. James Cadenhead an important landscape which resolves itself into a study of gold and blue. Mr. Duddingston Herdman has two drawings much superior in quality to his work in oils, Miss Cecile Walton a decorative drawing of flower children, Miss Mary G. W. Wilson an effective garden scene, and Miss Meg Wright some clever pastel portraits. Other drawings include a capital Swiss landscape by Miss Emily Paterson, a picture of a fisher-girl by Mr. Gemmell Hutchison that is reminiscent of Israëls, one of Ulva's Isle by Mr. Robert Burns, the feature of which is the gradation of colour on the water from the foreground of wet sand to the greens and blues of the distance, and a large-scaled view of a street in Lerwick by Mr. Stanley Cursiter.

The Sculpture includes Rodin's gift of sixteen works to the British nation, and his *St. John the Baptist* belonging to Glasgow Corporation, while Dr. Pittendrigh MacGillivray in *La Flandre* has an inspiring bust of a woman representing Belgium, who, notwithstanding all her misfortune, shall yet stand free as the laurel leaves which entwine the base indicate. The work is an inspiration; it has the uplift of a poet's vision. One of Belgium's refugee sculptors, M. Paul Wissaert, sends an admirable medallion portrait of the veteran Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte. The Black and White Room contains some excellent etchings and a few miniatures and enamels.

A. EDDINGTON.

P ICTURESQUE KENDAL. BY ARTHUR TUCKER, R.B.A.

KENDAL is situated on the River Kent, the principal or older portion lying in a narrow valley, with its ancient church and terraced streets gradually rising up the fell-side to the limestone escarpment from which the long chain of Lake mountains can be seen. To the casual observer the town itself may present no special attraction, but to the antiquary or artist in search of the picturesque, a great deal of interesting material appeals.

Here, amid much that is new, there are still many landmarks of old Kendal. The castle whose early history seems to belong to the world of shadows but whose remains arrest reflection not only for their picturesque antiquity but as having been the birthplace of Catherine Parr, is situated on the opposite side of the river and quite isolated from the town. This is rather unusual, for we generally find in our ancient cities that the castle was first erected probably on the site of a previously existing British or Roman fort, with the houses subsequently built round it or close to its walls, but here the castle stands on one side of the river and the church and town on the other, the latter therefore having an individuality of its own.

These facts become clear when we find that Kendal had its church before the Conquest, and its town gates and defences before the present Norman castle was built on the foundations of a

Picturesque Kendal



"OLD PUMP INN, KENDAL." BY ARTHUR TUCKER, R.B.A.

still older one. The Castle Dairy is another interesting relic of the past—a dignified old building still in a good state of preservation. Subjects like these and indeed many others can be found if the artist cares to explore the less frequented courts that branch off from the principal streets. Certain old Elizabethan houses with outside galleries have, alas, been swept away within recent years; nevertheless the town still retains a delightful air of antiquity, suggesting in itself not only the peaceful life of its inhabitants, but of that eventful time when this borderland was the scene of forays and bloodshed.

A memorable period in the history of the town was in 1331, when John Kempe, a woollen manufacturer of Flanders, having obtained permission from Edward III, selected Kendal as his

place of business and established the woollen industry. During the next seven years great numbers of weavers came over from Brabant and settled here, the town becoming famous for the manufacture of its cloth, of which the "Kendal Green" immortalised by Shakespeare was only one variety. Before turnpike roads were made and waggons came into use, these cloth goods were carried on pack-horses to all the principal towns and cities, including the metropolis. At this period there were no fewer than three hundred and fifty pack-horses in Kendal used for this purpose. There is in the Highgate at the present time an old building called the Bishop Blaize Inn, which no doubt dates back to the time of these early Flemish weavers, for we are told that "St. Blaizius, the martyr, was the patron saint of wool-combers and has been popularly deemed the inventor of wool-combing, but for this there is no authority. Blaizius was Bishop of Sebaste in Armenia, and was martyred A.D. 316. Iron combs were used for tearing his flesh, and so the wool-combers availed themselves of the association of ideas and put themselves under Bishop Blaize's protection." The custom of celebrating the day prevailed for generations in many of our northern manufacturing towns; it was made the occasion of a general holiday, with a procession consisting of masters, masters' sons, apprentices on horseback in uniform,



"KENDAL CASTLE"

BY ARTHUR TUCKER, R.B.A.

Picturesque Kendal



“MARKET-PLACE, KENDAL”

BY ARTHUR TUCKER, R.B.A.

Jason and his golden fleece with attendants, Bishop Blaize in his canonical robes surrounded by shepherds and shepherdesses, and workers in wool.

Kendal is the trading mart of a large agricultural district, and has its appointed days of animation. The Saturday market, which was established under a grant purchased from Richard I in 1189, is still held. On these occasions the town is practically in the hands of the farming element, and carts, traps, and booths of every description line the principal streets, piled up with potatoes, fruit, vegetables, and dairy produce of all kinds. This old-world gathering, full of life and incident, with its background of quaint houses, affords plenty of material for the artist's pencil. In fact, he need not go far afield here, for there are numberless subjects about the centre of the town. The Shambles, for instance, is a wonderfully picturesque spot, especially if you enter through the low arch from Finkle Street; here is an interesting backwater where the artist can sit and work unmolested. The butchers, for whom the place was built, seem gradually to have removed to more conspicuous quarters, and it has now lost its sanguinary character and consists of a few

ordinary little shops and a clothing depot, where garments somewhat weathered and antique flutter in the breeze from a broad overhanging roof.

This narrow passage leads out to the market-place where the ancient wooden pillory formerly stood; the authorities having no further use for it, it was pulled down in 1840 and sold for firewood. A little further on another entry leads into Redman's Yard. Here in 1755 lived an itinerant portrait-painter named Christopher Steele, who had received instruction in Paris from Carlo Vanloo, and to whom, at the age of twenty-one, George Romney was apprenticed. For more than two years young Romney practised with Steele, accompanying him to Lancaster, York, and other places. After which, his master determining to leave England, Romney prevailed on him to surrender his indentures, and, without further instruction or experience, commenced on his own account by painting many of the local celebrities, and charging the modest sum of six guineas for a full-length and two for a three-quarter figure. One of his earliest productions was the representation of a hand holding a letter, which he gave to the postmaster at Kendal. Other examples

Picturesque Kendal



"THE ELBOW INN, HIGGATE, KENDAL"

BY ARTHUR TUCKER, R.B.A.

of his early work still remain in the neighbourhood, including two or three which he disposed of by lottery at ten-and-sixpence a ticket.

Redman's Yard is typical of many others, a strange mixture of past and present incongruously blended. Crowded in between structures of modern date are curious little houses with steep roofs, overhanging gables and erratic chimneys at all angles. In many cases a flight of steps leads to a separate dwelling on the second floor; the usual dark and shadowy passage leads out to the main street, where sometimes a glint of sunshine at the further end adds a picturesque note to a subject already full of interest. We can picture to ourselves how the people lived when these courts were built hundreds of years ago for defensive purposes during the time of the border raids. Built of grey stone from the neighbouring fells and in some cases plastered over or white-washed, they may possibly strike the artist as somewhat lacking in colour—for grey tones certainly predominate

—yet they have an individuality of their own; the charm of them is akin to the charm of the landscape which they partly express, and in most of these modest buildings, besides their aspect in relation to the landscape and to the atmosphere, there is an individuality which grandeur cannot equal.

The town seems to have experienced many vicissitudes. It suffered from the plague which desolated the kingdom in 1597. "Provisions were brought to this spot by the country people and deposited for the inhabitants—which was the only intercourse during this destructive period—when according

to an inscription on a tablet in Penrith Church—2500 of the inhabitants were swept away." It sent a contingent of stout bowmen under Lord Dacre to Flodden, and it is recorded of them that they "proved hardy men and went no foot back." The town was Royalist during the Civil Wars, and when Cromwell triumphed it had to pay for its loyalty by accepting a corporation of Puritans. Once more it was the scene of disturbances during



"THE SHAMBLES, KENDAL"

BY ARTHUR TUCKER, R.B.A.

Picturesque Kendal



"CAMM'S YARD, STRICKLAND GATE, KENDAL." BY
ARTHUR TUCKER, R.B.A.

the Rebellion of 1745, for we are told that "It was market day when the advanced guard of the Pretender's army entered Kendal and the then Mayor having received a letter telling him there had been a battle to the southward in which the main body of the rebels had been routed, and that this was a party of flying stragglers, he, to show his loyalty, incited the market people and others to fall upon the small band with whatever weapons they could find, and there was a frightful skirmish in the streets. Among other acts of violence they attacked the carriage of the Duke of Perth, cut the harness and wounded or killed one or more of his servants. But they soon had cause to repent—they were charged by the Highlanders and driven down Finkle Street, where owing to the narrowness of the street the confusion was extreme; no tradition is preserved, but one man at least, a farmer named Slack, was shot just opposite the Shambles leading to the Market Place."

The chief pride of Kendal is undoubtedly its church, a fine building of Saxon origin. It is mentioned in the Domesday Survey, and was given by Ivo de Tailbois to the Abbey of St. Mary,

York, but was afterwards, in consequence of the dissolution of the monasteries, granted to Trinity College, Cambridge. It is a striking building of plain perpendicular Gothic—consisting of five aisles, like the church of St. John Lateran at Rome. The centre and two adjoining aisles were restored by Roger Fitz Renifred, fifth Baron of Kendal, in 1201. The date of the second aisle to the south is uncertain, but that of the north, which is wide and spacious, belongs to the reign of Henry VIII. The two exterior aisles were added at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Its fine old tower, 80 feet high, is well proportioned, and, in its picturesque surroundings, very paintable from many points of view. The whole structure, happily preserved through the chances and changes which have so often spoiled many buildings of this early period, still possesses many features of interest to the artist or antiquary. Time seems to have imparted a delightful texture to its walls; with the stone softened and enriched by centuries of storm and sunshine, the church remains stately and beautiful as ever and worthy of an ancient town.



"REDMAN'S YARD, KENDAL." BY ARTHUR TUCKER, R.B.A.

The International Society

THE SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

AN exhibition of the International from which more than half the members are absent, including such distinguished supporters of the Society as Anning Bell, Philip Connard, Alexander Jamieson, David Muirhead, William Nicholson, William Orpen, Glyn Philpot, James Pryde, Charles Shannon, and Havard Thomas, can hardly rank as a thoroughly representative show; but at a time such as the present we prefer to dwell rather upon achievements than upon shortcomings. If the Society's Spring exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery cannot be described as of outstanding importance, it is fully deserving of attention as a creditable and interesting display. The presence of works by a number of artists who are not members of the Society has given it variety, while the contributions of various Belgian artists have helped to maintain an international character.

Besides good work on familiar lines by A. D.

Peppercorn, F. C. B. Cadell, H. M. Livens, who showed, besides oil-paintings, a number of his excellently composed and simply handled gouache drawings, Louis Sargent, and W. W. Russell, we noted in the large room an interesting picture by Algernon Talmage, *Mary by the Western Sea*, in which a certain charm of colour and decoration compensated for a lack of cohesion and proper relation between the studio-painted figure and the plein-air background; Emily Court's *The Morning-room Window*, a bright and happy study of flowers upon a table; a *Pastoral Decoration* by Ethel Walker; a clever painting, *The Dancer*, by George J. Coates; *Still Life—The Red Candle*, by Walter Bayes; and two paintings by William Strang. We reproduce Charles Ricketts's *The Descent from the Cross*, fine in composition and in colour, and Francis Howard's *Interlude*, which, though not devoid of a trace of artificiality, is yet a work of much charm in its refined and delicate colouring and in the graceful pose of the little girl in pale pink on the sofa. D. Y. Cameron's *Dunstaffnage* is a good example of his noble and dignified art, and besides *A Sussex Stone*



"THE OLD CASTLE"



"ENSOLEILLÉE," FROM THE PASTEL BY EMILE CLAUS.

The International Society

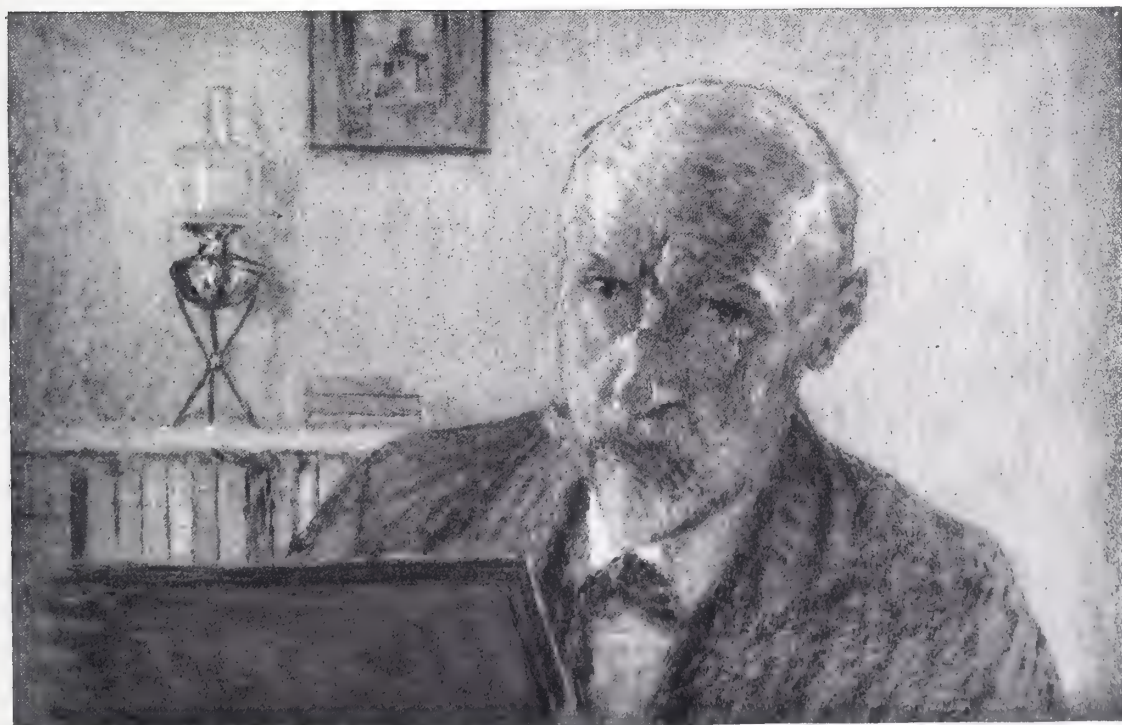
Quarry, by that always sincere landscapist Oliver Hall, there are contributions by Alfred Withers, Sydney Lee, and Edward Chappel.

Exhibits of interest in the long gallery include a clever study of an old man, *Portrait Sketch*, by Daniel Wehrschmidt; Harold Knight's painting of sea and rocks entitled *Peace*; a well-painted *Self-Portrait* by Alethea Garstin; a sunny painting, *May in Cornwall*, by S. J. Lamorna Birch; *Summer*, by Fred Mayor, full of light and atmosphere; Sir Charles Holroyd's sombre and impressive *A Dead Christ*; a brilliant street scene, *London Limes*, in the manner of Connard, by Edward Buttar; a very cleverly painted nude, *A Woman with Puppets*, by I. L. Gloag, attractive in the contrast of flesh tones against pale grey and yellow draperies; and works by G. W. Lambert (who also sends an excellent pencil drawing, *Mrs. E. M. Spencer*), A. J. Munnings, Olive Taylor, E. A. Walton (*The Mother*, reproduced in *THE STUDIO* for July 1914), Maxwell Armfield, Ann Fearon Walke, and E. G. Henriques. Lavery's *Girl in Armour*, and two portraits by Gerald F. Kelly, one of which we reproduce, also call for particular mention. In Betty Fagan's *Looking towards France*, the effect of the girls in night attire, seen against the morning sunlight streaming in through the open

window, is cleverly rendered in a subtle relationship of various degrees of white.

The Society extended a welcome to a number of works by Belgian artists, and among the best things hung in the corner gallery the exhibits of Theo van Rysselberghe, comprising several portraits, a clever nude, *The Model's Rest*, and a large decorative canvas of nudes in a sunny landscape, *L'Heure du Bain*, call for special mention, as does an *Interior* by James Ensor, loosely painted but with a brush charged with great feeling and sympathy. The sense of depth and atmosphere in this canvas (an old work dated 1881) and its highly sensitive vision render it distinctly preferable to various rather uninterestingly eccentric still-life pieces by the same artist. Pictures by Jan de Clerck, Isidore Opsomer, A. Baertsoen, medals by Bonnetain and Louis De Smeth, and the sculptures by George Minne, Marnix D'Haveloose, and Victor Rousseau also demand notice.

Emile Claus is one of the few foreign members of the Society to be represented on this occasion, and his contribution, consisting of ten beautiful studies in pastel, all executed recently, during, we believe, a stay in South Wales, is of exceptional interest. In them can be seen the excellent use of the medium and the luminous colour so charac-



"SELF-PORTRAIT" (PASTEL)

BY EMILE CLAUS

The International Society

teristic of the work of this great artist, whom we are proud to welcome among us, though we deplore the sad reason for his seeking, in company with so many of his compatriots, the shelter of these shores.

Among the water-colours and drawings are to be noted some attractive examples of the delicate art of Mary Davis; works by William Monk, Averil Burleigh (whose *Mummers* we reproduce) and W. Russell Flint; a clever picture by Cecil King, *The Luxembourg*; Ambrose McEvoy's *Portrait—Charles McEvoy, Esq.*; a good lithograph, *The Wind*, by Anthony Barker, and a delicate example, *The Wedding Morning*, by Ethel Gabain. A series of twelve lithographs by G. Spencer Pryse forms a prominent feature of the exhibition. These, as we learn from the catalogue, were all drawn on the stone at the front or within the war zone; they depict various aspects of the vast and terrible business of war as the world is witnessing it to-day, in a manner restrained and impressive without, however, striving after an effect conventionally "warlike." Two dexterous impressions in water-colour of a Sargent-like brilliance by Laura Knight—*China Clay Works*, and a bathing scene with the title *A Child*—convince one that this artist's *forte* is realism; in

both she has been most successful, whereas her large oil-painting of the Russian ballet, *Le Pavillon d'Armide*, a subject calling for greater imaginative and decorative qualities, is somewhat diffuse in composition and not quite happy in colour. An excellent example of pastel work is *The Old Castle*, by Leonard Richmond, whose work in this medium we have often noticed with pleasure in the Suffolk Street Galleries; in this landscape he has handled the medium with a due regard for its limitations and with a freshness that lends additional charm to a picture ably composed and very harmonious in colour. Of the excellent work in water-colour, according to the fine traditions of the English school, there are several examples by T. L. Shoosmith and A. W. Rich, notably *The Castle*, by the former, and *Shardeloes Park, Bucks*, by the latter; and a very good work is *Whitby*, by Muriel Fewster, to which a pleasant quality has been imparted by the canvas upon which the drawing is made.

Etchings by E. Herbert Whydale, Sidney Tushingham, and drawings by H. Davis Richter, Sylvia Gosse, Alfred Hayward, and W. L. Leech also contribute towards the interest of the exhibition.

A. R.



"THE MUMMERS"

WATER-COLOUR BY AVERIL BURLEIGH



"TEMPS NUAGEUX." FROM THE PASTEL BY EMILE CLAUS.



"INTERIOR." BY JAMES ENSOR



"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS"
BY CHARLES RICKETTS



"INTERLUDE." BY FRANCIS HOWARD



"LOOKING TOWARDS FRANCE"
BY BETTY FAGAN



"SASHA KROPOTKIN-LEBEDEFF"
BY GERALD FESTUS KELLY

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

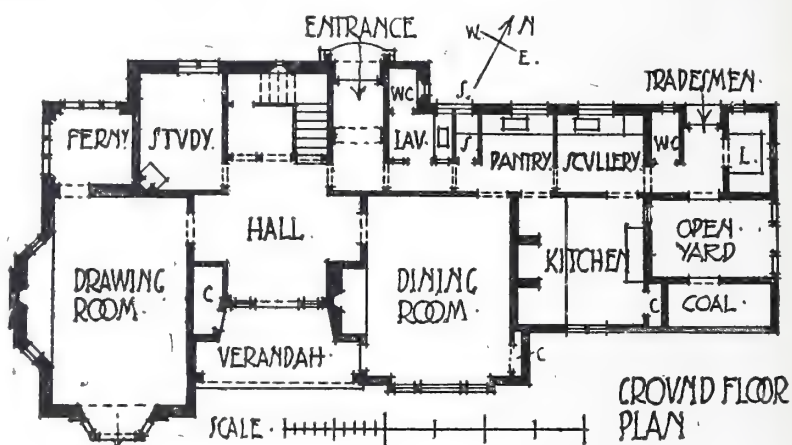
RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

THE three houses by Messrs. Ashley and Winton Newman illustrated in this issue represent the practice of these architects (both of them Fellows of the Institute) distinct from their larger work, included in which may be mentioned the new Council Offices and Art Gallery at Birmingham.

The first of the three—a house at Beaconsfield—is an interesting example of decorative design in architecture. The building is placed on a wooded slope a short distance away from the town, and its main features are apparent from the two perspectives and the plan. The external walls are faced with red bricks of varying tints, relieved with patterns of darker bricks in the gables and chimney stack. The bay windows facing the garden were built with English oak with brick fillings of herring-bone pattern. Dark red, hand-made tiles were used for the roof. Whitewood joinery, slightly stained and wax polished, was used inside, with a parquet floor in the drawing-room. The staircase is lighted by the large bay

window dominating the entrance front. The chief bedroom is over the drawing-room, and on this floor are three other bedrooms, a dressing-room, nursery, two bathrooms, &c. An attic and boxroom are in the roof.

The most important of the three houses by Messrs. Ashley and Winton Newman, here illustrated, is "East Weald," Hampstead (p. 124), which is situated at the southern end of Bishop's Avenue, a private road leading from Hampstead Lane to the Great North Road. Though some of the land in the neighbourhood is to be let for building purposes the surroundings are rural and wooded, affording pleasant vistas from the various rooms. The house stands in its own ample grounds, with

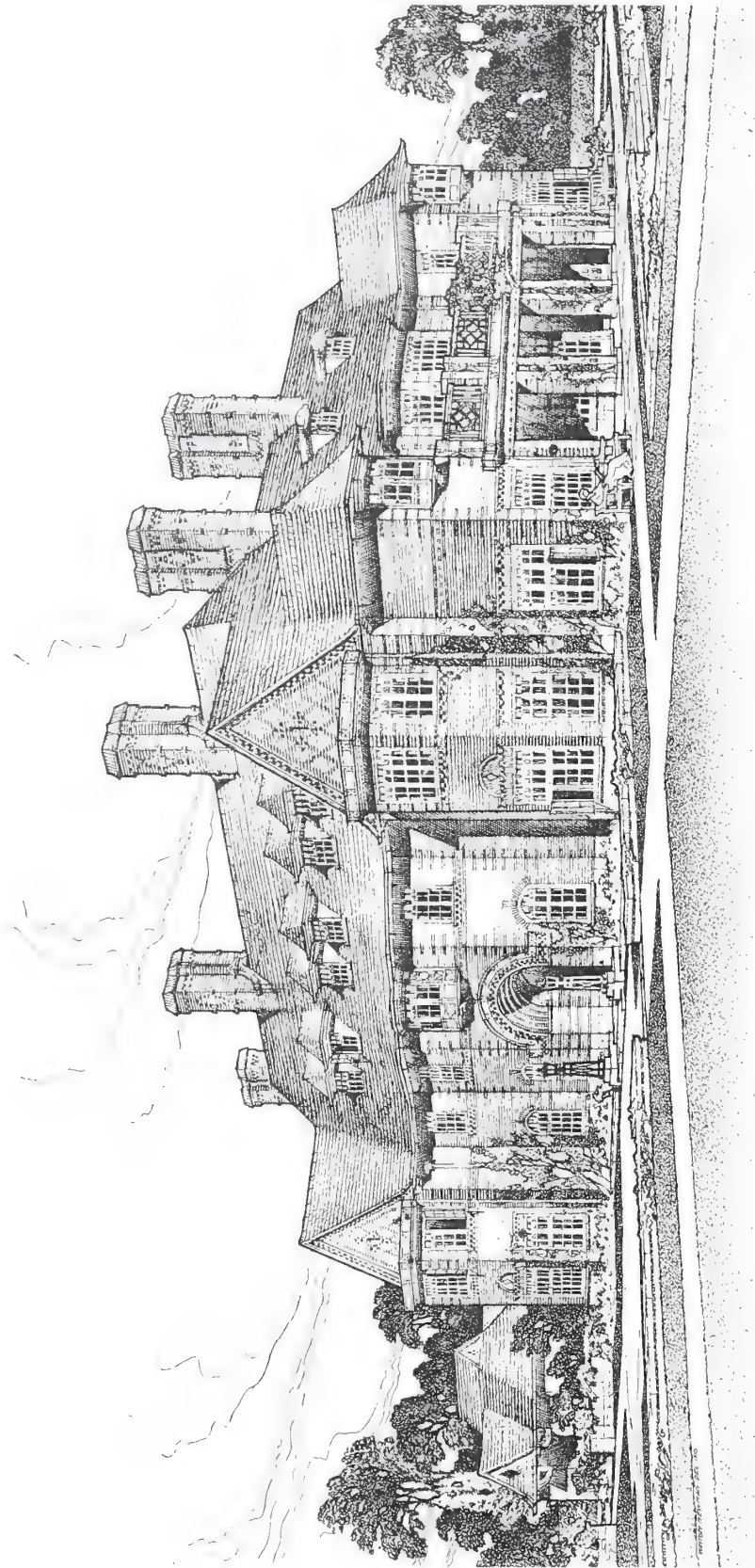


HOUSE AT BEACONSFIELD: ENTRANCE FRONT

H. V. ASHLEY AND WINTON NEWMAN, ARCHITECTS



HOUSE AT BEACONSFIELD: GARDEN FRONT
H. V. ASHLEY AND WINTON NEWMAN, ARCHITECTS



"EAST WEALD," HAMPSTEAD. H. V. ASHLEY
AND WINTON NEWMAN, ARCHITECTS

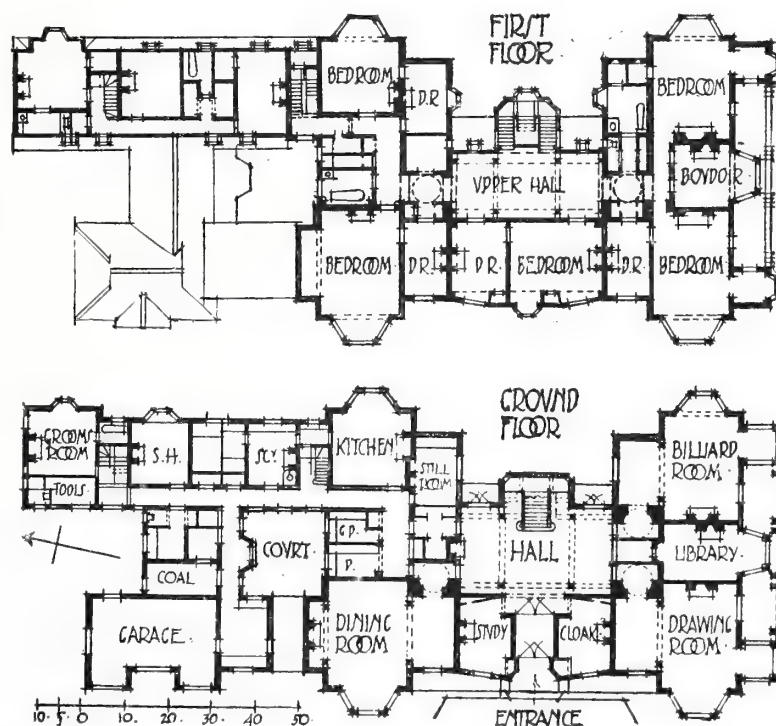
Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

gardens and tennis lawns on the southern and eastern sides. The main front is parallel with the road, and presents a subdued yet stately appearance. It is a building faced with thin, red bricks of varied tints, with tile quoins, strings, and tile arches to the windows. Plain surfaces have been slightly relieved by the introduction of patterns in darker brick. Some ornamental leadwork strikes a different note here and there, notably round the oriel over the entrance. There is a walled-in courtyard in front, the direct way to the garden being to the right and the entrance to the garage being to the left. Another approach to the garage is provided from the road, and this serves also for tradesmen. So far as the appearance of the foreground is concerned the drawing is deceptive, for rhododendrons and other bushes fill in the space between the low wall of the courtyard and the roadway. The garden is now established, and completes the building scheme. A pleasing feature of the elevation is the recessed doorway in brickwork, with studded oak door. Mr. Winton Newman's perspective shows the south front also, with the verandah approached from the library, drawing-room, and billiard-room, and with the balcony accessible from the upper floor. The billiard-room and kitchen form wings in the east front, the hall bay being central with entrances on each side. The terraces are paved with York stone, the walls and steps being of brick. The interior of "East Weald" has been treated simply, dado panelling being generally used with plaster-work. The upper and lower halls have groined and barrel ceilings in plaster.

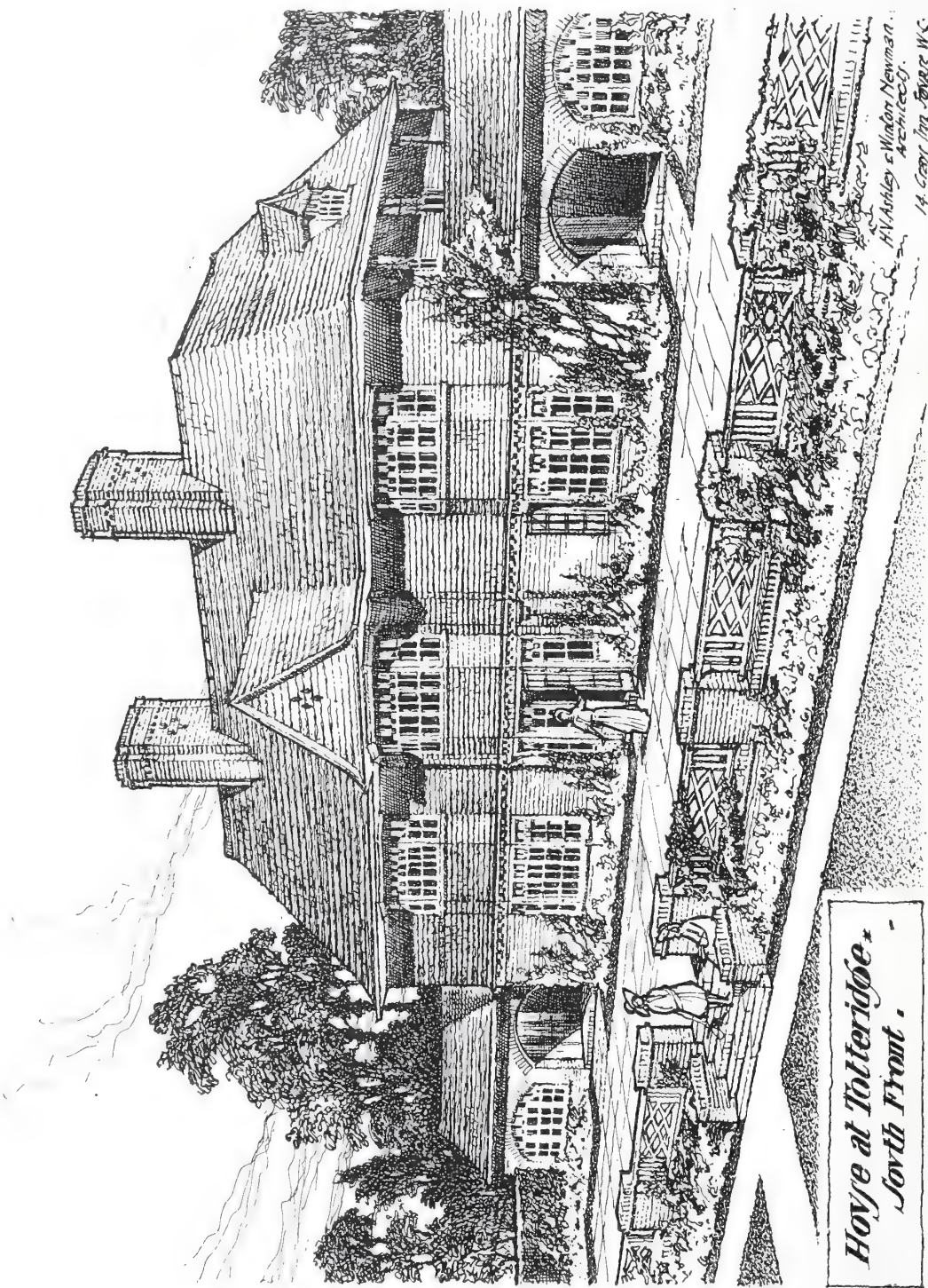
The house at Totteridge, in Hertfordshire (p. 126) is close to the golf-course, and adjoins an early Norman Shaw residence, the owner of the two buildings stipulating that the new one should harmonise more or less with the old. The frontage to Totteridge Lane is due north, and here are placed the entrance forecourt, vestibule, kitchen, photographic-room, &c. The south front, shown in the perspective, includes the drawing-room and

dining-room on either side of the study, which opens on to an exceptionally wide terrace, available for meals if desired. Other accommodation of this sort is provided under the flanking archways which connect the two conservatories with the house. The hall is central between the study and the vestibule. Provision is made for an organ at the back of the drawing-room. A garage, engine-room, and accumulator-room for the electric light plant are on the west side, and the service accommodation is on the east. Upstairs is the billiard-room, with bedrooms, dressing-room, and so on. In addition to fireplaces there are hot-water radiators throughout the house, the supply being obtained from a small independent boiler adjoining the coal store.

The late Mr. C. E. Mallows, F.R.I.B.A., who died on June 2 at Bedford, was a frequent and valued contributor to *THE STUDIO*, and we record his death with much regret. Born in 1864, Mr. Mallows in due course entered the Royal Academy Schools, and followed up his success there by winning the Pugin Studentship awarded by the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1889. He practised in Bedford and London, showing some aptitude for important municipal buildings. He



PLANS OF "EAST WEALD," HAMPSTEAD
H. V. ASHLEY AND WINTON NEWMAN, ARCHITECTS

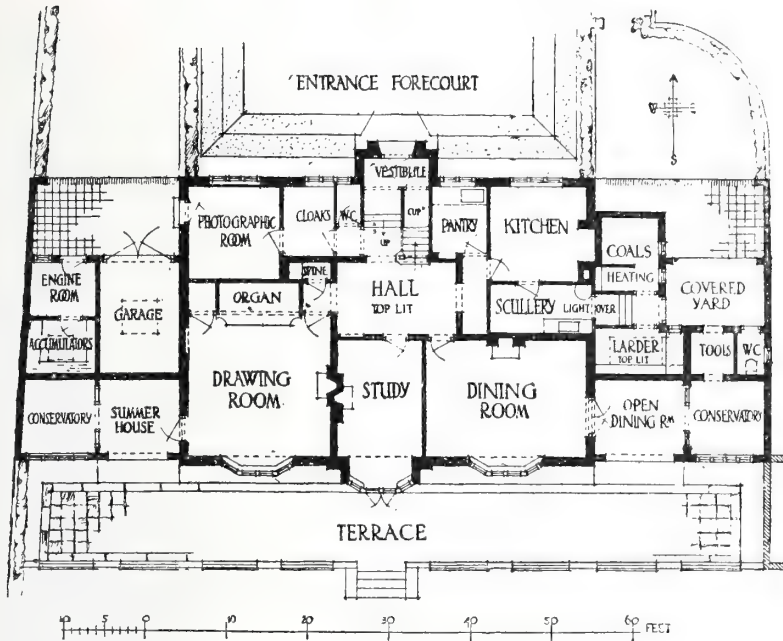


Hoye at Totteridge
South Front.*

*H. V. Ashley & Winton Newman,
Architects.
14, Grosvenor Square, W.C.*

HOUSE AT TOTTERIDGE. H. V. ASHLEY
AND WINTON NEWMAN, ARCHITECTS

Studio-Talk



PLAN OF HOUSE AT TOTTERIDGE.

H. V. ASHLEY AND WINTON NEWMAN, ARCHITECTS.

was better known, however, through his houses and gardens of various sizes, in which work he displayed much good taste and resource. One of his last works, on which he was engaged at the time of his death, was in connection with "Canons," the famous mansion at Edgware built on the site of the still more famous "palace" erected in the eighteenth century by the Duke of Chandos. Mr. Mallows was a gifted draughtsman and, with his pencil drawings especially, expressed his distinguished architectural ideas.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The Committee of Trustees of the National Gallery appointed in November 1911 to inquire into the retention of important pictures in this country, and other matters connected with the national art collections, issued its report at the end of April. In the course of the inquiry evidence was given before the committee, which consisted of Earl Curzon of Kedleston (Chairman), Lord D'Abernon and Mr. R. H. Benson (Trustees), and Sir Charles Holroyd, Director of the National Gallery, showing the serious extent to which the transfer of works of art from the United Kingdom has gone during recent years, and the urgent need

of measures for arresting the exodus. In an appendix to the Report, it is shown that nearly four hundred acknowledged masterpieces have thus left the country, the list including no fewer than fifty-two Rembrandts, twenty-seven Van Dycks, many Rubenses and Gainsboroughs, and over a dozen Turners.

Lord Curzon's Committee are unable to recommend the legislative restriction or prohibition of the export of works of art on the lines of the Italian law, and discountenanced the suggested imposition of an export duty on works of art leaving the country. Instead they recommend that the annual

grant to the Trustees shall be increased from £5000 to £25,000, with "liberty to apply," as the lawyers say, for extraordinary grants as circumstances may require. Failing such financial assistance they recommend for consideration the expediency of imposing a tax upon the gross proceeds of sales of works of art by public auction in excess of a fixed amount for the individual sale, such tax to be paid by the auctioneer and its incidence to be so regulated that the burden shall not be shifted on to the seller; and further that death duties derived from works of art shall be "earmarked" as a purchasing fund for the national museums and galleries, and the fees and other receipts coming to the Trustees should also be set aside for purchases. They advocate the formation of a society of "Friends of Art" on lines proposed by Lord Curzon, but do not think it desirable that an official or public register of works of art in this country should be drawn up, or that owners should be compelled by law to grant rights of pre-emption or option to the nation.

Important recommendations are made by the Committee in regard to the administration of the Chantrey Bequest, which they advise shall be vested by statute in the Trustees of the Tate Gallery, and with a view to legislation to that effect they recommend that the Treasury and the present administrators of the Bequest (the Council of the

Studio-Talk

Royal Academy) be notified that the Trustees of the National Gallery are not in future prepared to accept pictures (or sculpture) in the selection of which they have had no voice, but for which they are expected to find accommodation, and, failing such legislation, they recommend that the Trustees shall exercise more efficaciously their existing rights of storage and loan as a means of withdrawing from permanent exhibition works which they deem unworthy of that honour. Another important recommendation concerns the future of the Tate Gallery, which the Committee propose should be gradually converted into a gallery of British art in general (and not exclusively modern British art), the present collection being reinforced by many of the works by British artists which are now at the National Gallery; and the Report also advocates the establishment of a gallery entirely devoted to water-colours and administered by the Trustees of the Tate Gallery. The Committee further recommend the extension of the loaning powers now possessed by the Trustees of the National Collections so as to enable loans to be made to public galleries in all parts of the Empire.

The exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Grafton Galleries contained, as was to be expected, a large number of military portraits; a very great percentage of the works shown were distinctly able and, no doubt, satisfactory as likenesses, but it is a pity that so many among our portrait painters are content with the photographic standard. Mr. Sargent's *Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland*, a finely decorative equestrian portrait of *Lord Roberts* by Charles Furse, Herkomer's *Lord Fisher*, Mr. Lavery's *Winston Churchill*, were among the contributions, interesting alike from the point of view of sitter and painter. Mr. Sargent also showed a fine charcoal drawing, *The Lady Randolph*

Churchill, and among other noteworthy exhibits must be counted Mr. J. McLure Hamilton's dignified *The Rev. Canon Armour*, Mr. J. J. Shannon's gracious presentation of a white-haired lady, *Mrs. Walter Thornton*, Mr. Frank Salisbury's *Captain the Hon. H. C. O'Callaghan Prittie*, an easy and attractive portrait, *F. W. Pomeroy, Esq., A.R.A.*, by Mr. Richard Jack, who also showed a clever portrait of *Lieut. R. J. Jack*, marred a little by somewhat unpleasant flesh tones in the face, Mr. R. G. Eves' agreeably posed *Miss Olga Andrae*, and Mr. Wm. B. E. Ranken's dexterously painted *The Lady Maud Hoare*. Of two portraits by Mr. Frederic Whiting of *The Hon. Sir Stephen Gatty, K.C.*, and *Lady Gatty*, the former seemed a little forced in the red shadows of the face, but both were well composed and fresh and attractive in colour. A brusquely but vivaciously treated portrait of a little girl, *Eva*, was another contribution from this artist. Works which also call for mention were the beautiful *Portrait*, refined in quality of paint and in



"AGAINST THE WIND"

BY CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.I., R.B.A.

Studio-Talk



"IN THE HARBOUR"

BY CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.I., R.B.A.

colour, by Mrs. Inez Addams, Mr. David Alison's *Portrait Study: Miss Annie Bearsley*, good portraits by Mr. Fiddes Watt, the Hon. John Collier's *A. L. Francis, Esq.*, and Miss Flora Lion's *Mrs. Percy Ogden*. Among the smaller works, besides the Sargent drawing referred to above, were two good chalk heads by Mr. G. Spencer Watson, sketches for Mr. Herbert A. Olivier's *Where Belgium greeted Britain* at the Academy, and two drawings, apparently in gold-point, by Mr. A. Bowmar-Porter.

We give two reproductions of the work of Charles W. Simpson, R.I., R.B.A., whose well studied and freshly drawn pictures of ducks and other birds are among the good things to be seen at the exhibitions in Piccadilly and Suffolk Street. He is a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy and elsewhere, and on two occasions exhibitions of his work have been held at the Baillie Gallery. Like that of so many other painters who live and work in Cornwall, Mr. Simpson's work is full of a love of out-door life, of light and air, and the bold and direct technique and admirable sense of colour make a distinct attraction in his paintings and water-colours.

Artists and the art world in general have been among the classes to be most severely affected by the war; yet they have come forward nobly to aid the various charitable organisations or relief committees. In this connection reference must be made to the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of pictures by Lady Butler. The proceeds of the sales are being devoted by the artist to the Officers' Families Fund, and the exhibition was in the nature of a commemoration of the Waterloo Centenary. Here was to be seen the well known *Scotland for Ever*, painted in 1881, from the Leeds Art Gallery, depicting the dashing charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo, as well as a number of works, for the most part water-colours, executed last year, of which *Bringing up the Guns*, a spirited study of Horse Artillery, and the *Charge of the Inniskilling Dragoons*, were among the best; and looking at these pictures one remembered that the same stout and gallant hearts beat beneath the khaki tunic to-day, as beneath the brilliant uniforms of those heroes of a hundred years ago which Lady Butler depicts so well. By way of antithesis to this exhibition, there was shown at the same time a collection of studies in water-colour by Mr. Alfred

Studio-Talk

Parsons, R.A., P.R.W.S., rendering the quiet, peaceful beauty of nature in various parts of this country and America. Among these should be mentioned particularly the admirable effect of water in *On the Bure at Wroxham, Norfolk*; the clever impression of a rainy day, *Grey Sky and Water, Lechlade*; an expansive landscape, *Glastonbury Tor, Somerset*; and the more vivacious sketch of washing hanging out to dry, *By the Sound, Long Island, New York State*.

At Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach's galleries a loan exhibition of works by Whistler, in aid of the Professional Classes War Relief Council, contained fifty-one examples of the master's work. Several portraits in oil, notably *Gris et Argent: La Petite Souris*; *A Daughter of Eve*; and a pensive looking girl in *L'Echarpe Rose*, together with a number of beautiful studies in water-colour and oil of seascapes or sensitively painted shops and street scenes, among them an exquisite *Grey Note: Village Street*, all revealed Whistler's delicate and masterly eclecticism. Besides a beautiful oil paint-

ing of a nude *La Sylphide*, the exhibition contained a *Harmony in Red: Lamplight*, a full-length portrait of Mrs. J. McNeill Whistler, but the most attractive feature was the series of figure studies in chalk with touches of colour in the manner peculiar to Whistler, and in which so much is expressed with such economy of means, such infinite delicacy and grace. Among these was a *Violet and Gold*, a delicate drawing of two reclining figures, touched in as lightly as though, indeed, a butterfly had brushed its wings across the page; an excellent little nude *May*, and the masterly short-hand note *La Jeunesse*, of the model throwing off her draperies. Yet others particularly noteworthy among these pastel studies were *The Conversation*; *Tanagra*, a fine chalk drawing of the draped figure; and *The Violet Cap*, in which a few delicate touches suffice to convey so expressively the beauty of face and figure which the artist has seen, and created upon the paper.

Many of the artists whose names have long been associated with St. Ives have of late removed to



"THE PIER, ST. IVES"

BY A. BEAUMONT

Studio-Talk



"THE HARBOUR, ST. IVES"

BY A. BEAUMONT

London, leaving the field free for a younger group. Among these there are few who continue the traditions of this famous school of painters more truly than Mr. A. Beaumont. It is with pleasure we reproduce two of his luminous canvases, marked by the sound draughtsmanship and the broad treatment which have been the chief characteristics of the St. Ives school.

At the Fine Art Society's galleries last month Laura Knight and S. J. Lamorna Birch joined forces in an attractive exhibition in which their works, sufficiently akin in feeling to harmonise on the walls, yet, to some extent, complemented one another. Both artists have in common a sincere love of out-of-doors, of sunshine and of nature in her smiling moods, but while Mr. Birch delights in landscape pure and simple, decoratively composed, Mrs. Knight is at her best when she seizes upon some detail of a scene—a nude luminously drawn against a background of rocks and sea, as in *The Pool*, or figures seen against limpid seashore skies—and depicts it with the frank and healthy dexterity

which pleases so much in her oil or water-colour. Various studies of the Russian Ballet were interesting, but these and the large water-colour, *The Morning Ride*, shown recently at the R.W.S., were not so successful as her enthusiastic *plein-air* studies, such as the finely drawn *Bathing Pools*, or three delightful pictures of calves in a byre. In a recent article on Mr. Birch's work, reference was made to the sincerity and alertness of this artist's attitude towards nature, and the water-colours here exhibited evinced the same delight in sunshine, in swirling, sparkling water, the same ability in composition, and the attractive colour generally characteristic of his work. Particularly interesting were some little, simply-handled drawings in chalk and wash, such as *Sketch on the Bela*; *Halton Rocks*; *Farlton Knott, near Windermere*, and other works like *Spring Morning by the Aqueduct, Lancaster*; *The Lune on a May Morn*; and *A Fresh Wind*.

Mr. Wynne Apperley's exhibition at the Alpine Club Gallery comprised examples of his work during the ten years of his career and a number of

Studio-Talk

Impressions of Spain, 1914. Gifted with a facility of handling and pleasant sense of colour he renders the sunny scenes of Italy and Spain with much vivacity and brilliance. The examples gathered together here were somewhat unequal in merit, as is inevitable in an exhibition comprising one hundred and twenty-five pictures, and for the most part the early works compared favourably with those more recently executed. Of the Spanish sketches, *Seville: the Guadalquivir and Triana* was one of the best, and a good work was a drawing in pen and ink and wash, *Aqueduct and Walls of the Alhambra*.

An exhibition of English and Belgian work by craftsmen and artists in Hammersmith, held in June at the Hampshire House Club, Hampshire Hog Lane, included some examples emanating from the Hampshire House workshops. These "have been established for carrying on handicrafts in a group of small workshops, giving opportunity to men, women, and apprentices to master a craft of their own choosing. . . . Each workshop is under the direction of an experienced master craftsman, and the goods being sold direct from the workshop the expensive agency of the middleman is avoided." This scheme, worthy of all encouragement, may, we trust, achieve much success, started as it has been in quite the right *milieu*. Since the time of Morris, Hammersmith has always contained a colony of sincere artists and craftsmen, and in this exhibition, besides productions of the workshops and by some Belgian craftsmen, were to be seen contributions by such well-known artists as Mr. A. Romney Green and Mr. C. Spooner, both of

whom were represented by excellent furniture, the Artificers' Guild, and Mr. and Mrs. Stabler, who exhibited some enamels and statuettes. Miss D. Brooke-Clarke sent a case of jewellery, good in design and craftsmanship; and very interesting was the furniture for a dining-room designed simply and effectively by Mr. Fred Rowntree and carried out in the Hampshire House Workshops. Mention should also be made of some attractive painted frames by Lola Frampton. A section of pictures contained contributions by well-known artists, and some beautiful stained glass by Mr. Christopher Whall and Mr. Edward Woore was one of the best features of the exhibition.



"WAR"

BY J. DAVIDSON

that requirement was the motive which led to the formation of the Deutscher Werkbund, about which a good deal has been heard lately, and of which we gave an account five years ago in *THE STUDIO Year Book of Decorative Art for 1910*, and if the Design and Industries Association proves as energetic as that organisation it will have amply justified its existence.



"DANSE DE LA PEUR"

BY CLAUDIO CASTELUCHO

PARIS. — Mr. J. Davidson was among the artists who happened to be in the invaded districts at the outbreak of the war, and he has turned his thrilling experiences to good account. His figure of *War* (p. 132), another of an old peasant woman called *Grandmother*, and a panel of *Belgian Refugees*, which he showed me during his short stay in Paris, were uncommonly interesting and received no small amount of appreciation from exacting critics. I understood that Mr. Davidson intended to show them in London before returning to his home in Céret, which is at present being utilised as a hospital.

There are few artists in Paris whose work is better known than that of Claudio Castelucho. I doubt if one could find any among the many students who have come under his generous professional criticism, in the Académie de la Grande Chaumière, who have not whole-hearted praise for him. Born in Barcelona, he early became a student in the École des Beaux Arts of that town, and, later, came to Paris to study under Whistler. But, unlike most students who came under that Master's magnetic guidance, one finds no trace of his in-

fluence in the work of Castelucho. His art is distinctive and personal, pervaded by the joy and sparkle of Spanish life. That he is a master of his medium is emphatically expressed by his facile achievements. Of a retiring and gentle nature, he is nevertheless an energetic and prolific worker. When not occupied as academy visiting professor, he is always to be found hard at work in his studio in the Rue d'Assas, yet never too occupied to refrain from giving a kindly suggestion to some anxious student. In the various continental exhibitions, notably in the Salon d'Automne and the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, his work receives unstinted appreciation.

Those whose quest for art inspiration leads them to gay, noisy, or turbulent places will find little of these phases of life in Paris to-day. For some months she has lost her joyous prefix; but when one ignores for the moment the thoughts of the cause, it must then be admitted that never before has she appeared more beautiful. A new and wonderful glamour pervades the city, inviting one to dream and sketch in places where in normal times the traffic affords little opportunity to do so. There is a thinly-veiled sadness, however, which creeps in,

Studio-Talk

no matter how much one tries to evade it. In the streets and little shops and places, where you may make some modest purchases, it will not always be a cheerful answer that greets your "*Comment allez-vous?*" and you will find few homes wherein black-edged notepaper is not in use. Save the few whose age and other physical causes prevent, all the most brilliant artists are at the front.

Never before, perhaps, has the love of France for her artists been so universally manifest. That they have played no ignoble part in these turbulent days is fully demonstrated on the crude little wooden crosses that cap many a lonely mound on the battlefields. Yet not alone by strength of arm or tales from the trenches are their deeds made known. To be able to captivate the humorous life amidst the tragical in pencil and colour, and so spread the infection of a smile, is not one of the least incentives to foster courage in the fighter and hopefulness in those wearily waiting at home. On the battlefield the soldier artist is perhaps the happiest as well as the wealthiest of all his comrades; that is contrary, no doubt, to what one would expect, but during the long waits in the trenches by day and bivouacs by night, when the solace of mealtime has passed, the artist with a pen or pencil and a few strips of paper finds a new world wherein even hunger is easily satisfied or forgotten. A good artist friend who found the ordinary black-and-white materials inconvenient at the front, and to whom I sent a Swan Safety pen and two bottles of artist's ink made for use therewith, writes me that with them, a sketch-book and a little piece of bread and cheese, he was never more happy.

At various galleries recently opened there have been shown rare and interesting examples of sketches made in the firing line, and amongst them the

premier place must be given to the "Exposition Nationale des œuvres des artistes tués à l'ennemi, blessés, prisonniers et aux armées," organised by "La Triennale," in the Salle du Jeu de Paume, Terrasse des Tuileries. Never before have I seen those delightful rooms so uniquely arrayed for the display of pictures. The walls and statue pedestals, simply draped in dull golden-coloured scrim with a festooned frieze of green laurel leaves, make an interesting harmony with the framing and work shown. At the time of my visit, however, the exhibition was not quite completed, and lacking a catalogue of the artists and the official titles of their work, it must suffice for me briefly to mention here a few of the excellent canvases by artists whose work is well known to me and those of others whose signatures I was able to decipher, notable amongst them being a decoratively-treated landscape by Francis Jourdain, a hill-top study in a harmony of browns by Georges Leroux, a small



"LA FIANCÉE"

(Photo, Vizzavona, Paris)

BY CLAUDIO CASTELUCHO



"PORTRAIT OF Mlle. CRONIN"
BY CLAUDIO CASTELUCHO



"PANNEAU DECORATIF : LE REPOS DES LABOUREURS"

BY FERNAND MAILLAUD

intimately-observed snow scene by André Rebut, a large dramatic *Kyrie Eleison* by Georges Devalières, a reposeful landscape in harmonious greys and blues by Henri Marret, Jean Lefort's *Journaux du Soir*, and the work in gouache by A. Suréda. Amongst the many excellent sketches and reminiscent notes executed in the open and underground ateliers of the battlefield those by Georges Bruyer, Mathurin Méheut, L. Montagne, and Paul Jouve were especially attractive; other remarkable black-and-white work being by J. J. Lemordant, E. Herscher, and J. J. Champcommunal. The last-named artist's large canvases in oil showed a modern outlook of vast promise, but his life, alas! was claimed by the toll of war in one of the early battles.

Then there is the exhibition, "La Guerre et les Humoristes," in the Galerie la Boétie, where one will find comedy and tragedy side by side. It is an exhibition one must not miss. Apart from the vigorous art displayed in various mediums, it is a veritable history of the war with which no descrip-

tive journalism could be so lucidly compared. The *Exodes de paysans* and *Evacués et paysans en fuite* by T. A. Steinlen, are at once remarkable by their expressive simplicity. J. L. Forain, another of France's supreme artists, shows twelve drawings and etchings of extreme interest, while other notable works which make a strong appeal as art and exceptionally fine craftsmanship, as well as by their topical character, are by Maxime Dethomas, Hermann-Paul, Robert Noir, F. Paulbot, A. Roubille, Maurice Leroy, Jean Ray, Ricardo Flores, and Abel Faivre. It is interesting, too, to compare the delightful drawings of earlier war days by the late Caran D'Ache with those of various artists to-day.

Five minutes by the Nord-Sud railway, or twenty on foot through the now uncommonly beautiful and quiet streets, will take one from either of these exhibitions to the heart of the Latin Quarter. There the numerous signs inscribed "Chambres à louer," "Ateliers à louer," are ominous reminders of the great change wrought in the course of the

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few months of war. The antique and second-hand dealer no longer extrudes his wares on the side walks, and the many vociferous foreigners have long since returned to their neutral homes. With their departure and that of the noisy motor-bus, Paris has asserted a mysterious calm. Perhaps never before have her artistic appeals been so impressive and alluring. With few exceptions all the painting academies are closed, and many have been entirely abandoned, while those which have opened their doors do not suffer from over-crowded class rooms. The old tree at the corner of the Rue de la Grande Chaumière and Boulevard Montparnasse has ceased to be a shady resting-place for the hundred odd models who gathered there to await the "*croquis*" hours and to chatter under its spreading branches; nevertheless, one catches a glimpse here and there of some *réformé* artists trying to elude the hazy gloom with canvas and paint. Here, as in other large cities less closely in touch with the zone of war, sketching is not forbidden, but it is well to be equipped with an official permission, which, for the *étranger* who is provided with a passport, is not difficult to procure. A new arrival should register his name as early as possible at the Commissaire de Police of his arrondissement, where, on presenting himself with identification papers and two small photographs, he will receive a *Permis de Séjour*, and with it a further permission to sketch or photograph can be obtained from the Secrétariat Général de la Circulation et des Transports at the Prefecture de Police.

At the present time, when there are no annual salons to form an argumentative topic, it is not uncommon to hear many discussions regarding the most suitable sketching-grounds where one may evade the enemy's raiders and not be ruthlessly uprooted by military discipline or native suspicion. The artist is lucky who happens to be well known within a goodly radius of his summer sketching haunts. Perhaps few will be as fortunate as M. Fernand Maillaud, whose love for Berry and its surroundings is also favoured by the region being close to his Provençal home. His decorative panel *Repos des laboureurs* (p. 136), is thoroughly characteristic of his work as a painter of landscape with figures, by which he is so well known, and which is always amongst the most interesting in the Salon des Artistes Français.

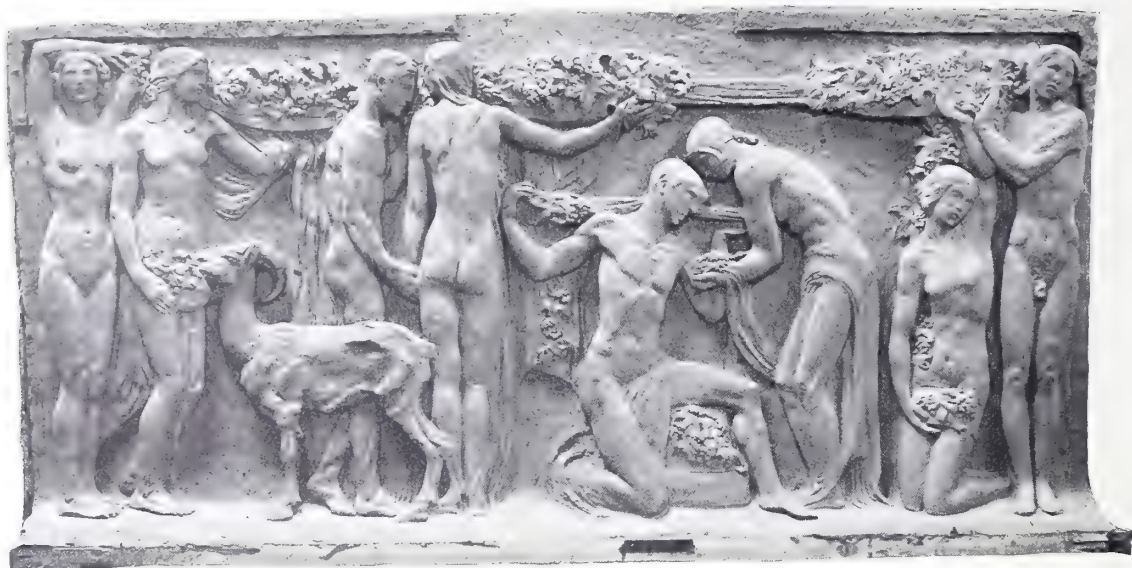
E. A. T.

ROME.—The third of the annual exhibitions organised in Rome by the Secession, which was held recently in its old quarters at the Palace of Fine Arts in the Via Nazionale, followed in its main lines the first two, both of which I had occasion to notice in these pages. By this I mean that the artists exhibiting were, with a few additions and exceptions, the same, while the Directive Council and Jury of Admission was composed of members who have from the first manifested their interest in the movement, and the indefatigable Secretary, Sig. Bencivenga, is still at his post. Further, as regards the character of the works exhibited—the note of audacious modernity as well as the sympathy shown to all that is most advanced in the art of the northern Schools—the exhibition followed the example already set, as it also did in the effort to provide a beautiful decorative setting in the various rooms in which the exhibits were displayed. A glance through these rooms revealed at once the work of many artists whose names have come prominently forward in previous exhibitions, such as Paolo Ferretti, Camillo Innocenti, Ernesto Lione, Plinio Nomellini, Pietro d'Achiardi,



"THE SPHINX"

BY MARIA ANTONIETTA POGLIANI
(Rome Secession, 1915)



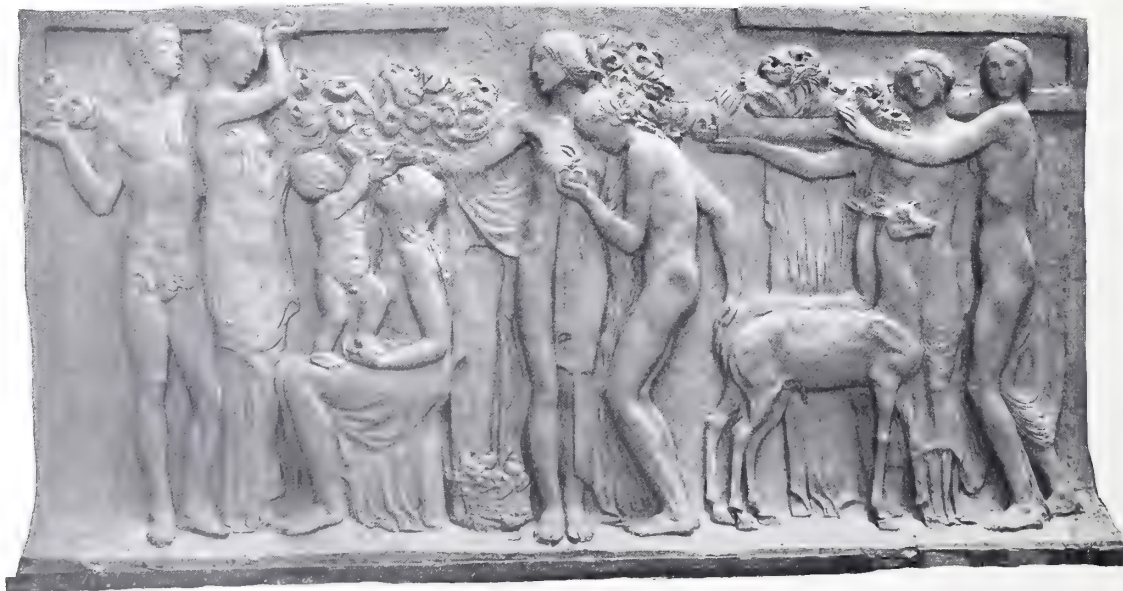
DECORATION FOR A VILLA: "AUTUMNALIA"

BY MARIA ANTONIETTA POGLIANI

Aleardo Terzi, Arturo Noci; but before attempting a more general notice it will be well to mention those points in which this third Secession marks a new departure from previous years.

Ever since that brilliant young sculptor's initial success in the great national competition for the frieze of the Victor Emanuel Monument, in which he took only a second place to Zanelli himself, I have kept the work of Arturo Dazzi before the London public, and have noted in the pages of this and other journals the rapid development of a very

remarkable talent. And this year he asserts himself more decisively than ever. One of the most interesting features of his art is its variety in treatment and subject. What a difference between the severity and vigour of his monumental frieze and the brilliant modernity of his portrait of the *Contessina Jeanne de Bertaux* (in the last Venice International Exhibition)—between his Michelangesque *Pietà* of the same exhibition and the rhythmic beauty of his vase of *Youth*; and here, in the Rome Secession of 1915, he manifested again his freedom of choice in the wonderful



DECORATION FOR A VILLA: "AUTUMNALIA"

(Rome 1915)

BY MARIA ANTONIETTA POGLIANI



“REED-GROWN SAND DUNES,
TERRACINA.” BY ARTURO NOCI

(*Rome Secession, 1915*)



"PORTRAIT OF MADAME F."

(Moscow Society of Artists, see p. 141)

BY FEDOR ZAKHAROFF

portrait of an old lady, *La Nonna*, monumental in its simplicity, its dignity, its truth to life. I mention this in preference to his other works here because this portrait statue—so subtle in its very simplicity of handling—was one of the most notable features of the exhibition; and, still keeping to sculpture, I am glad to note that Niccola d'Antino, whose bronze dancing-girl so delighted me in the last exhibition, again came markedly to the front in this year's Secession, where he had an individual exhibit of eleven works in sculpture, among which I noted especially his nude figure of a girl, *La fanciulla nuda*, characteristic in its finish and delicacy of modelling, its hieratic precision of gesture. That gifted Roman sculptress, Maria Antonietta Pogliani, a pupil of Arturo Dazzi, exhibited here in marble *The Sphinx*, a portrait-sketch of *Vera Fokine* the Russian dancer—modelled during a visit to London last summer—and a clever

nude, *L'Adolescente*. The sculpture by Mario di Monteccone formed, as last year, a feature of the Secession; and a work to be noted is the *Ritmio* by Attilio Selva, an artist who showed here a high level of achievement.

A novel and most interesting feature of this year's exhibition was the collection of wood engravings arranged by Signore Ettore Cozzani, Director of "L'Eroica." Since this publication made its appearance at Spezia five years ago there has been a most interesting development in modern Italian art in the direction of wood-engraving, which owed very much to the first initiative of De Karolis. Prominent among the artists exhibiting in this section were Lorenzo Viani, Sensani, Galante, and Emilio Mantelli; and I am also glad to note among these followers of a new movement in illustration the name of Felice Casorati of Verona.

Studio-Talk

To the work of this brilliant young painter of Verona I have referred in my notes on the last two Venice exhibitions, and in this third exhibition of the Secession he held an important place; among the wood-engravings of "L'Eroica" he had five exhibits and in Sala X a room to himself with twelve panels and two works in terra-cotta. With the art of Casorati we thus return to painting, which must after all be the mainstay of these exhibitions.

The work of Camillo Innocenti, with its marvelous colour-harmonies, of Enrico Lionne, who exhibited here a portrait of the artist, Aleardo Terzi, and of Terzi himself with his *Symphony in Rose* and 1914, gave a distinctive character to the exhibition as in previous years; and Paolo Ferretti this year excelled himself in two charming landscapes of autumn. Matilde Festa Piacentini followed her success of last year by three clever portraits, and her husband, the architect Marcello Piacentini, appeared in more than one of the rooms as designer of the architectural features which formed a base for their decoration. Onorato

Carlandi and Discovolo were represented by landscapes which were characteristic of their art; and in portraiture of children, Arturo Noci's delightful portrait of a little girl, absolutely true to child life, may be compared with Amelia Besso's *Vanna*—dressed in white against a green background over a rich Turkey carpet. Among the foreign exhibitors Ignacio Zuloaga, Degas, and Paul Cézanne were of importance; and Albert Besnard in his *Pompilia d'Aprile* gave a delightful figure-study of one of the most beautiful models in Rome. S. B.

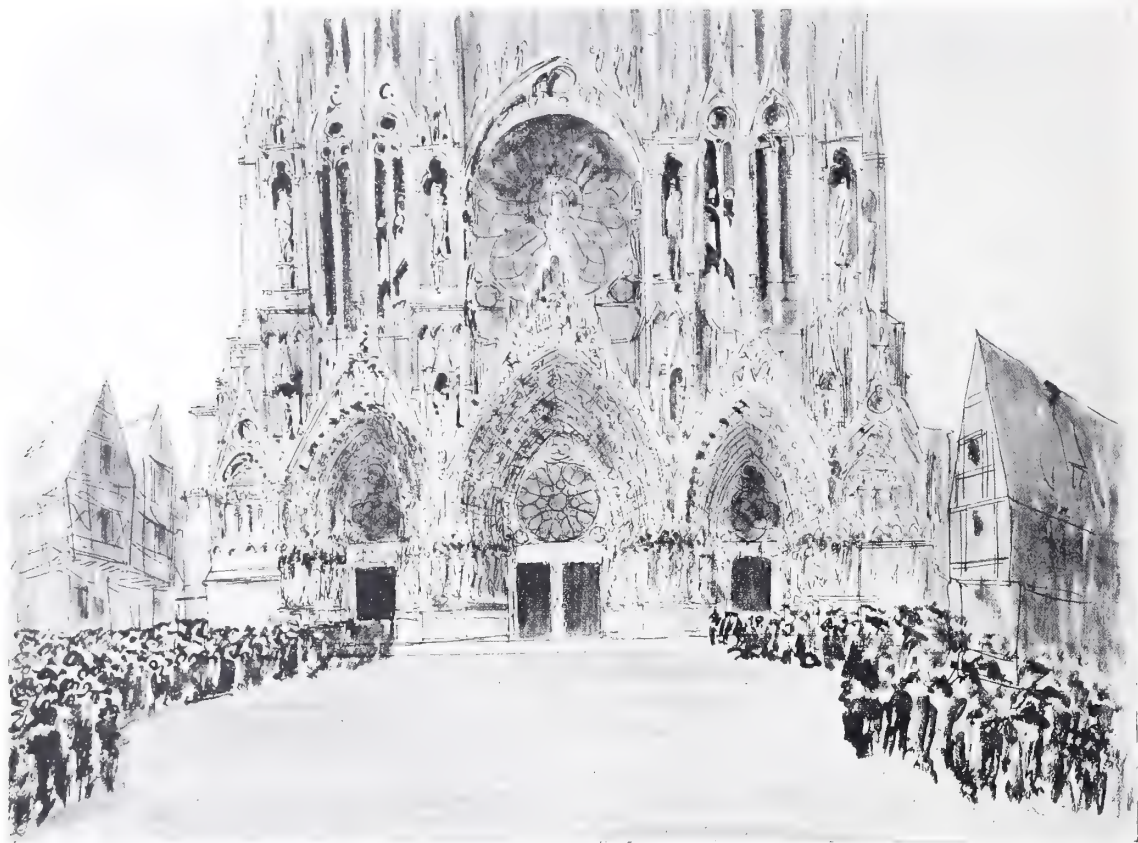
MOSCOW.—The Society of Moscow Artists does not play any very important part in the general art life of Moscow, for the membership of this association cannot boast of many artists of such outstanding distinction as to attract the attention of the public at large. On the other hand, however, the group does include a number of gifted and sympathetic artists whose course of development it is always interesting to watch, and whose works bear testimony to their purely artistic aims, as was



"THE MANUFACTORY"

(Moscow Society of Artists)

BY J. CHAPCHAL



"THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS"

(Moscow Society of Artists)

BY STANISLAW NOAKOWSKI

again clearly demonstrated in the recent annual exhibition of the Society.

On this occasion the exhibits that attracted most attention were some portraits by Mme. N. Simonovitch Yefimova, very intensive in conception and shrewd in characterisation, and the contributions of Fedor Zakharoff, of whom I had occasion to speak in the April number of this magazine, in which a reproduction was given of his self-portrait. Here his portrait of a lady (Madame F.), in type somewhat reminiscent of Terborch, and in its miniature-like technique of the *petits maîtres* of the Netherlands, proved a great success, but the young artist appeared even more attractive perhaps in other works of a less "polished" character and exhibiting a more modern style of treatment, exemplified more particularly in a very fine sketch for a family portrait. Of much interest also, on account of its purely pictorial qualities was the work of J. Chapchal, who before the outbreak of war worked chiefly in Paris and was in the exhibition under notice represented by two large, broadly painted studies, both of them very attractive in their rich coloration.

The graphic section contained a large number of exhibits. Stanislaw Noakowski, whose studies of Russian architecture I have on two occasions had the privilege of bringing to the notice of readers of *THE STUDIO*, was here represented by a series of motives from his Polish home-land, and a very fine drawing of that magnificent monument of Gothic architecture, the Cathedral of Rheims, now, alas! scarcely more than a ruin, if, indeed, it has not been utterly destroyed. The drawing was executed to serve as a decoration for stage scenery. Another work bearing some relation to the tragic times through which we are passing, was a painting, *St. Sebastian*, by J. Nivinski, who in the figure of the martyred saint has symbolised unhappy Belgium, tortured by the deadly arrows of the invader. This painting, together with some excellent etchings and nude studies by the same artist, pointed to an assiduous study of the human figure. Finally, mention should be made of a cycle of designs by V. Vladimiroff for the decoration of a church in South Russia, but though executed with taste and considerable skill they failed to arouse in the spectator more than a lukewarm interest.

P. E.

Studio-Talk

BARCELONA.—The art lovers of Barcelona have reason to congratulate themselves ; one of the city's most distinguished sons whose name is respected in the leading art circles of the world—the painter Hermen Anglada Camarasa—has, this Spring, entertained them with an important and stimulating exhibition of his principal works, and in honour of the occasion the Ayuntamiento of Barcelona placed at his service several rooms in the Palace of Fine Arts. Anglada's work is so well known everywhere, and has been so much discussed by art critics in all the art centres of Europe and America, that it is unnecessary on this occasion to enter upon a detailed study of his achievements ; it will suffice briefly to recall his earlier productions and record our impression of those of later date.

Some eight years have elapsed since Anglada showed us, in the "Salón Parés," the first pictures painted by him in various parts of Spain ; prior to that he was only known to us by subjects which derived their inspiration from scenes of Paris by night—paintings which brought him a well-earned reputation by the vigour of his draughtsmanship, the richness of his palette, and his masterful handling of effects and contrasts of artificial light. Travels in various regions of Spain, and more particularly in the east, which possesses such an abundance of picturesque material in its landscape and its inhabitants, necessarily absorbed the attention and feelings of an artist like Anglada, for whom colour has such a powerful attraction, and

thus this first exhibition just mentioned marked the first stage on the road which he was destined to follow and which gave him a place in the front rank of those artists who have portrayed Spain under its typical and picturesque aspects.

In the exhibition of the present year Anglada has shown us the path he has followed during the

years that have intervened—a path in which he has encountered innumerable difficulties which have been triumphantly overcome, as have those which he has voluntarily imposed upon himself for the satisfaction of resolving them. When contemplating the extent of this artist's *œuvre*, without taking into account those works which have been dispersed among public and private collections, the spectator cannot help being astonished that such a large number of pictures, many of them of considerable size and very complicated in composition, should have emanated from a single hand and all been executed during a few years ; but the fact proves to us how passionately devoted Anglada is to his art and what an indefatigable worker he is. The impression which his latest productions



"NÓVIA VALENCIANA" (BRIDE OF VALENCIA). BY
HERMEN ANGLADA CAMARASA
(Photo, Mas, Barcelona)

leave on us is not altogether easy to express. Each one of them is so instinct with the very essence of art that, without being guilty of exaggeration, we may say that they leave us amazed ; the sole sensation which the eye experiences is that of colour of irresistible luminosity, which reaches its culminating point in such a work as *Campesinos de Gandia*. Colour is undoubtedly the most potent means of



"CAMPEÑOS DE GANDIA" (PEASANTS OF GANDIA) (Photo, Mas, Barcelona) BY HERMEN ANGLADA CAMARASA

expression which Anglada possesses, though with him it does not involve any disregard for the other qualities essential to the production of a work of art. His paintings are indeed a veritable symphony of colours, each of such brilliance that the painting has the appearance of an enamel produced by some imaginative and skilled master of that craft—in a word, the colours which flow from Anglada's brush seem to be born of the fire, presenting as they do those marvellous surprises which ensue from the purifying action of fire.

Anglada also showed us a series of feminine figures representing various distinct types of Spanish womanhood, each with the garments and other appurtenances proper to the type. In such works the fantasy of the painter is manifested in a high degree; one is struck by the beauty of the pose which each model has assumed, and the graceful way in which the arms and hands have been disposed. The flesh is painted with such delicacy and with such a diverse range of tints that even the connoisseur who knows the secrets of the painters' craft cannot but marvel at the skill with which our artist achieves these effects. And then, respecting his draughtsmanship, we have only to repeat the praise bestowed on the artist as a colourist. Apart from his principal works, his charcoal studies of the nude in

the recent exhibition bear witness to the excellence of his drawing, which in his compositions, generally reaches a standard commensurate with his manipulation of colour.

In these brief notes we have attempted to convey our impression of Anglada's work and have referred to him more particularly as one among the painters who have revealed the typical and beautiful aspects of Spain, but his paintings are not merely "Españolados"; they are truly works of art, for in them it is not the exterior that is essential—it is only one element which unites with other qualities indispensable for extracting the essence of beauty. The exhibition which is the subject of these notes has proved a great success, and the proceeds derived from the entrance fees are to be handed over to the fund in aid of the widows and orphans of French artists who have lost their lives in the great war now raging.

J. GRAU MIRO.

WITH reference to the toys designed and executed by M. Vladimir Polunin, a Russian artist, of which illustrations were given in last month's London Studio-Talk, we are requested to state that the commission for them came to the artist not directly from the Board of Trade but from another source through the instrumentality of the Board.

Reviews and Notices

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Arte ed Artisti nella Svezia dei Giorni nostri. Di VITTORIO PICA. (Milan: Bestetti e Tumminello) Lire 30. As historian of the successive International exhibitions of art in Venice, Sgr. Pica has had rare opportunities of studying the productions of the various foreign schools which are represented in these biennial displays, and in the case of Swedish art we believe he has had the additional advantage of studying it in its native *milieu*. Though the population of Sweden is hardly more than that of London it possesses a vigorous and independent school of painters, sculptors, architects and artist-craftsmen whose productions are worthy of respect and all the more so because of the comparatively short time which has elapsed since art in Sweden derived its chief inspiration from outside. Sgr. Pica in his opening chapter traces briefly the rise of the new school, with Ernst Josephson and Per Hasselberg, painter and sculptor respectively, as pioneers, and he notes how when this Swedish school was emancipating itself from the "coldly classic influence of David and the theatrical romanticism of Germany" a kindred movement was taking place in Russia. The work of Carl Larsson, "osservatore gaio," and Carl Wilhelmson, "osservatore triste," is then discussed; and then follows a chapter on that "sapientissimo virtuoso del pennello," Anders Zorn. There is also a special chapter on Sweden's royal painter, Prince Eugen. In other chapters the author deals with various groups of artists according to their particular spheres of work, such as painters of portraits and genre subjects—Bergh, Björck, Von Rosen, Oesterman, Thegerström, etc.—landscape painters, such as Fjaestad, Schultzberg, Hesselbom, Anna Boberg, Nordström and others; and three animal painters, Liljefors, Sjöberg, Norland. The group of sculptors includes such well-known names as Eriksson, Milles, Eldh and Axel Petersson, the last named, however, being placed with a small group of humorists and "fantasisti" in which Engström figures prominently. The closing chapters are devoted to architecture and various branches of decorative art in which Sweden has made strides during recent years. The volume is illustrated by excellent reproductions of a very large number of works by the artists whose achievements are reviewed.

The English Countryside. By ERNEST C. PULBROOK. (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) 7s. 6d. net.—With this for his subject the author has, indeed, a theme upon which he may write enthusiastically, sure from the beginning of the

sympathy and interest of his readers. Mr. Pulbrook is one of those in whom lies a deep and sincere love for the countryside, and while there seem to be certain districts to which he makes no reference but which might have been included in his selection with advantage to the volume, it is obvious that in a work of these dimensions it would not be possible to do more than give a broad and general survey of some of the charms and beauties of our English countryside. This the author does for us, with a sympathetic and graceful pen, in chapters dealing with such different aspects as the coasts, creeks and rivers, fords and bridges, mills, fields and field-names, the footpath-way, apropos of which he truly remarks, "Roads give us acquaintance with the country, footpaths give us its friendship"; wayside and market crosses, village greens, old-world towns, inns and cottages. In a chapter on "The Shepherd and his Flock," Mr. Pulbrook traces the growth of the woollen trade to the Black Death, which, by serious depopulation of the rural districts, rendered it almost impossible to till the land properly and caused great areas of arable land to be turned into sheep-runs. He speaks also of a quaint custom, now defunct, of burying a shepherd with "a little piece of wool in his coffin, so that when the Day of Judgment comes he can account for his absence from church on Sunday." Over one hundred and twenty excellent photographs from various sources, very beautiful and typical of different kinds of English scenery, serve to illustrate the volume.

Chats on Old Silver. By ARTHUR HAYDEN. (London: T. Fisher Unwin Ltd.) 5s. net.—To the "Chats" series of practical guides for collectors Mr. Hayden has already contributed five volumes in which he has given the public the benefit of his wide knowledge of English china and porcelain, old furniture and prints, and now in this recent addition to the series he discusses numerous products of the silversmith's craft which have an interest for the collector, the objects being mostly those which have a practical use in connection with the table, such as drinking vessels of various kinds, the salt cellar, the spoon, posset pots and porringers, coffee and tea pots, sugar bowls and cream jugs, &c. The finer specimens of these silver wares fetch very high prices, but interesting examples often fall within the reach of the collector of moderate means. The book contains special chapters on ecclesiastical plate and Scottish and Irish silver, and is abundantly illustrated, the comprehensive series of marks found on old silver forming a particularly useful feature of the book.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE : ON VISUALISED EMOTIONS.

"ARE we beginning to forget what drawing means?" asked the Art Critic. "The modern school, as it seems to me, is abandoning all idea of fine draughtsmanship as it used to be understood and practised. I must confess that a great many of the drawings I come across nowadays are difficult to understand; often, in fact, they are quite incomprehensible."

"That is because you are not properly attuned to the modern point of view," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "Clearly, the right revelation has not been vouchsafed to you; the great light has not illumined your mental darkness—you are behind the times."

"I daresay that has something to do with it," agreed the Critic. "I suppose I am a bit old-fashioned and find some difficulty in getting used to the newest notions. But still I should have thought that the principles of good draughtsmanship were fairly well fixed and that no change in fashion would be likely to alter them to any appreciable extent."

"You are old-fashioned indeed," broke in the Zigzaggist; "if you can still talk about the principles of drawing! Why, the very term sounds like the title of some ancient text-book. Principles, forsooth! Who cares about principles in drawing?"

"Gently, my friend, gently! You take my breath away," pleaded the Critic. "There are principles in most things; why should there not be principles in drawing?"

"Because the draughtsman draws to express his emotions, not to prove his subservience to rules," declared the Zigzaggist. "His drawings are visualisations of his mental visions; do you expect him to think by rule?"

"Now, I should have thought that a drawing was an expression of something the draughtsman had seen," interrupted the Man with the Red Tie; "and that it was a statement of fact rather than a visualisation of a mental vision. Surely facts and the methods of stating them are subject to some sort of rule?"

"You people bore me inexpressibly," sighed the Zigzaggist. "How hopeless it is to try to make you understand! We modern thinkers in art are not slaves to fact; we are interpreters of subtle feeling; we deal with emotional impressions. What are dull, dry facts to us who are preaching the gospel of sensations?"

"And if there are queer twists in your emotions we must, I suppose, expect queer twists in your drawings," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "Well, I must give you full credit for the way in which you come up to our expectations. Judging by the work you do there must be some quaint surprises in this gospel of sensations which you profess to preach."

"I wonder at your want of perception," declared the Zigzaggist; "but I am unmoved by your senseless scoffing. It is the fate of the apostle of every new creed to be misunderstood and misrepresented by the vulgar herd. Every great Truth has been decried at the beginning and its advocates ridiculed, and yet it has won its way in the end. You laugh at me now but the day will come when you will think with me."

"Heaven save me from that!" cried the Critic. "If your drawings represent your emotions, I can only say that I am sorry for you, because I think that you must suffer from a permanent mental discomfort. I am not anxious to catch the complaint."

"Is it a complaint or is it merely a pose?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "It is so much easier to draw badly than to draw well that I am always inclined to regard with suspicion the bad draughtsman who gives high-flown reasons for his incompetence."

"There, I think, you have hit on a real truth," assented the Critic. "I feel, with you, that gospels of sensations and all those kinds of clap-trap are often invented as evasions of the difficulties of art. In this matter of drawing I believe the men who talk about visualised emotions and so on are as often as not idlers who will not take the trouble to learn their trade. They follow the line of least resistance, and it leads them into absurdities."

"You hopeless barbarian!" exclaimed the Zigzaggist. "I do not believe you know what drawing means."

"Oh, yes I do," replied the Critic. "It means the realisation of something you have seen, the statement of facts sensitively studied and thoughtfully recorded. The more subtle truth and delicate actuality there is in it the better it is and the more worthy to rank as art. A fine drawing is one in which an infinity of observation is expressed with perfect manual dexterity. You have only to look at the drawings of the great masters, no matter to what school they belong, to be convinced of this; fine draughtsmanship was sedulously cultivated by them, and modern artists would do well to follow their example."

THE LAY FIGURE.

Permanent Collections for Small Museums



Courtesy Ehrich Galleries

LANDSCAPE

BY RICHARD WILSON

PERMANENT COLLECTIONS FOR SMALL MUSEUMS BY RAYMOND WYER

IN THE building up of a representative collection of the world's art for a small museum, the first consideration is the choice of only that art which is vital. Whether greater or less emphasis is laid upon the collection as an historical unit, there can be no question regarding the importance of choosing works which, in their means of expression, reflect the mental condition of their period. Any work of art which cannot fulfill this condition lacks life and significance, both aesthetic and historical.

Art is vital when it has been sincerely and naturally inspired by the spirit of a period, even though the preponderance of thought of that age was prurient. For this reason all art, except that which has no imaginative or original quality, or that which is sensational, is qualified for inclusion in public galleries.

As an illustration of unimaginative work, I would mention Rosa Bonheur, and of the sensational, Schreyer. Another type of painter or sculptor who expresses no idea and whose work can be placed under the former heading, is the one who is a slave to his technical skill, whereas he should be a slave to the meaning of his subject alone. Facility in handling the subject should be the result not of mere mechanical dexterity but of enthusiasm over that particular significance which appeals the most to the artist. The quality of the work created depends upon the aspect chosen and its degree of significance, upon the calibre of the artist's mind or imagination and his power of application.

To qualify one for the work of forming collections of the world's art, a variety of experience is necessary. An intimate acquaintance with the great works of art scattered through Europe is essential, as is a knowledge of the history of art, and with it appreciation of the respective conditions from which the works of art evolved. Most

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important of all, however, is a temperament susceptible to quality—the ability to feel instinctively the truly great in contrast to the merely popular. The possession of this intuitiveness is the only way to know the art which is vital from that which lacks significance or is made to flatter the vanity of the unenlightened self-made man, art which is merely the product of commercial prosperity; for the academies and other institutions have often been more liberal in their recognition of the mediocre, than of the great, artist. Moreover, the museum director must have the courage to defy public opinion by selecting the best, since the best is not usually popular.

The fact that an artist has received many decorations and honours is not, by any means, conclusive evidence that he is a master. The names of half-a-dozen European painters could be mentioned who are discredited to-day even though they possess more honours than all the really immortal artists put together. As a matter of fact, the honours usually go to the energetic business man rather than to the true artist. The artist, being too busy creating, is oblivious to the public's taste, good or bad, whereas the business man is producing only work which he knows the public will buy, the proceeds of which help in many ways to bring about official recognition. This condition discourages and retards the production of the best in all of the arts—particularly painting, sculpture, literature and the drama, for true art has never yet been created by exponents of either one of these branches who contemplated and moulded their work according to the fancies of their patrons. The artist must express himself and his time and, if he has confidence that he has something to say, this he will do, and the value of his work will depend upon the breadth and originality of his outlook. There has always been a diversity of opinion as to how much historical significance should enter into the selection of works of art for the permanent collection of a public museum.

With art museums of a national character, as, for instance, the Metropolitan or the Boston, Washington or Chicago Museums, there can be little question that historical as well as aesthetic comprehensiveness is imperative. In the smaller museums this comprehensiveness has never been carried out or seriously attempted. I believe, however, that the smallness of a museum might be an advantage in forming a collection of both historical and aesthetic importance.

Of course, examples by the greatest masters would not always be possible, but in all periods



Courtesy Ehrich Galleries
ST. JOHN

BY ADRIAN ISENBRANDT

Permanent Collections for Small Museums

there are to be found minor masters whose works are beautiful as well as expressive of their period. For instance, there are charming paintings to be had by the Flemish and French primitives—Adrian Isenbrandt, Albert Bouts, Joost van Cleef—master of the *Death of Mary*, Joachim Patinir and many others.

Equally expressive art of the seventeenth century in Holland, Germany, France and Spain can be found for comparatively small sums of money. For example, Dutch and Flemish art could be represented by a Peter instead of a Philip Wouwerman; Matthew van Helmont could take the

and Jan van der Heyden are both characteristic painters of their time. Cornelis Huysmans' landscapes, with figures, are delightful in colour and full of the spirit of the seventeenth century. A typical classical landscape must be included, and Claude Lorrain is out of a small museum's reach; but a painting by the English Richard Wilson would possess the qualities of classicism with additional fine qualities peculiar to this artist.

Any of these would, for a small museum, adequately express this period. They have not only historical significance but beauty also, and can be picked up for comparatively small sums, many for



PAYSAGE, ENTRÉE DE VILLAGE

A sketch, yet characteristic of Constable's best work

BY CONSTABLE

place of David Teniers, or even a painting by Abraham Teniers, his brother, would serve the purpose, for many of his best works are attributed to his more famous brother, David. The style of Samuel van Hoogstraeten is closely allied to that of Peter de Hooze; a fine Ferdinand Bol or even a Jan de Baen might be included in a museum that could never hope to obtain a Rembrandt; Jans van Keulen is an excellent artist, both in design and colour, and many of his paintings would be satisfactory substitutes for Van Dyck; and Cornelis de Vos or Gaspar de Crayer is similar in style to Rubens. A fine Albert van Everdingen has often been accepted as a Ruisdael, much to the detriment of Everdingen's reputation, for he was far from being merely a copyist. Jan van Goyen

a few hundred dollars each. This will only be for a time, because they are being gradually absorbed by the large number of museums springing up in all the new countries, and there is a growing disposition on the part of the European galleries to retain them for themselves.

Coming nearer to our own time, there is John Constable, the Barbizon school, and the men who are called the French impressionists. Characteristic examples of some of these men can be secured for moderate prices if carefully bought, and it is well to remember that often the slightest drawing by a master conveys much of the spirit of his more important canvases.

The American section must own two or three early portraits—a Stuart, if possible, and a Cop-

Permanent Collections for Small Museums



Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries

VIRGIN AND CHILD

BY ALBERT BOUTS

ley; also one or two of the Hudson River school, the pioneers of landscape painting in this country, and an example of those two men who emerged from this school, Inness and Wyant. Then Whistler, Twachtman, and Winslow Homer must be included.

A collection of Japanese prints should be acquired, as no other influence has entered so deeply into European and American art in recent times as Japanese art.

The early sculpture can be adequately represented. Excellent reproductions of Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Italian sculpture are inexpensive in proportion to their significance in the collection of a public gallery. Added to these should be some architectural casts.

Besides painting and sculpture various other contemporary works should be considered, all of which are different expressions of the same ideal, though each period and country excels in one particular branch of art, on which you may place chief importance. For instance, in considering the thirteenth century we must not confine our attention entirely to the architecture; for there is also

sculpture, the illuminated manuscript, stained glass windows, and the goldsmith's work.

A few rugs, one or two tapestries, a good collection of pottery—a most expressive art, etchings, some wood block engravings—all are necessary.

These would form a very satisfactory nucleus for a miniature collection, expressing the evolution of art from the earliest periods to our own time.

In order to obtain a characteristic example of an artist's work, it is not always necessary to confine the choice to those subjects with which the public are most familiar. In judging the art value of a painting the subject is of little importance. It is the manner of treatment which signifies and it will be found that the distinguishing qualities of a master are, in some degree, to be found in everything he paints. Therefore, we must look for that which the artist infuses into his medium, or rather at the way he treats the subject and not at the subject itself. Many may choose the same subject, but only the master distinguishes the painting by unusual qualities.

A fault which is not confined to the layman but is shared by those who are often credited as connoisseurs, is judging a painting by the subject or composition. I have heard a delightful painting



Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries

MADONNA

BY JOOST VAN CLEEF

Permanent Collections for Small Museums



Permanent Collection of the Hackley Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan

LANDSCAPE, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FLEMISH

BY CORNELIS HUYSMANS

by Corot dismissed as a bad example only because it did not have in its composition certain features which are present in some of his best-known works. Again, I have seen a painting pronounced bad because it dealt with the green of spring rather than with the richer colour of autumn which the artist may have more frequently used; or because a man instead of a cow was put into the landscape.

Relative to the authenticity of a painting, if only a small sum is being paid and the painting actually belongs to and is a good example of the work of a definite period, the identity of its author is not of great importance.

It must always be remembered that a painting does not become a work of art because it is old. A painting which was not good when it was produced is no better five hundred years afterward. A painting of quality, however, is improved by age. The older it is the more beautiful it becomes, providing the artist was careful to use only colours of a permanent quality. Of course, when

a big price is being paid for a work of art by a specified master, it is important that we should have good reason to believe in its authenticity. How are we to discover this? We can learn its history but it is often difficult to obtain an uninterrupted and reliable history. This is only part evidence, however, and not more conclusive of genuineness than is its signature. Apropos of signatures, I would be more suspicious of a doubtful picture with a signature than without one; for this evidence is easily forged.

What, then, is the best evidence we can have? The best evidence—and this is not always infallible—is the opinion of those who have studied the technique, the individual point of view, the little peculiarities which are to be found in the works of all the masters. Those who have given much time to this and possess a sensitiveness to quality, whose judgment is not the result of prejudice in favour of a certain type of subject matter or composition, but is based rather on the manner of

Permanent Collections for Small Museums

treatment—they are the ones whose judgment approaches finality. Of course, as I have said, there are attributions over which even specialists disagree, but these cases are rare, and not less so than in other departments of life.

“Quality and good arrangement” is becoming more and more the motto of the art museum. The small museum of the future will aim at a few paintings, the best examples which can be secured. These will be displayed so as to show each art object to its full advantage, even though to accomplish this it requires an entire wall or room to show one painting. A gallery should not be merely a show room, but a room with its works of art so placed that the whole is endowed with as much grace and percipience as would be found in an apartment of a private house arranged by a discriminating owner. An art museum should be an example of good taste, a model for the homes in the community. Discrimination should be displayed not alone in the selection of the works of art but in the disposal of them in the museum.

They should be arranged, not in a haphazard way, but with due relation to their place in the evolution of art which the museum should endeavour to express visibly. They should be placed, also, so that students can easily sketch them. The beauty of each object should always be emphasized, for there are those who become so absorbed in the archaeological aspect that the main function of art, which is the development of good taste, is overlooked.

“A man may study butterflies and forget that they are beautiful, or be perfect in the lunar theory without

knowing what most people mean by the moon.” In building up a permanent collection for a public gallery, the main object should not be to encourage artists, but to form a monument of excellency of the artistic endeavour of the world, with so much of the historical element introduced as is possible without jeopardizing its quality from the point of view of pure art. Patriotism or the laudable desire to help struggling artists must not run away with discretion. There are living men whose art is pretty certain to survive. There are a few others about whom we are not so certain; we might include them, but we must be very conservative with these doubtful ones. If a chance is taken with the work of an artist whose artistic future is not quite assured, let it be with the original man and not with the copyist. There is



Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

BY JANS VAN KEULEN

Book Review

nothing more depressing than to see large sums of money spent in forming worthless collections of "art objects." This, of course, applies to private individuals as well as to public institutions.

An institution should give special attention to the art of its own country, but it must be remembered that a public gallery is not a laboratory. Its purpose is not to encourage artists or to gamble with the future; except in very unusual cases, it cannot afford to experiment. Those responsible for the formation of permanent collections must be conservative but with just enough of the revolutionary spirit to enable them to appreciate a new man's work possessing unfamiliar and distinguished qualities.

There should be no compromise in selecting works of an educational character for a public institution; no more compromise than a physician would make between the medicine which he prescribes for his patient and that which the patient finds more to his liking. The fact is, we all really want the best, and it should be the aim of an educational institution (I use educational in its widest sense) to point out and demonstrate what is the best, instead of lowering the standard formed by expert opinion to please those who have given little thought to the subject and do not know.

One thing worth remembering is that the most important collections have been formed by museums in which the policy and choice of art objects have been left to one man. It is interesting to note, also, that in large museums it is those departments covering phases of art, the character of which necessitates the choice being made by one man, in which are to be found the most complete collections in the institution.

BOOK REVIEW

WHAT PICTURES TO SEE IN AMERICA.
By Lorinda M. Bryant. Publishers:
John Lane Company. \$2.00.

THE yearly exodus to Europe is very much attenuated this summer, and few, indeed, will follow their wont in making a tour of the European Galleries. Americans no less than others object to the dangers and difficulties involved, and will therefore have to try a new game. Mrs. Bryant



Art Institute, Chicago

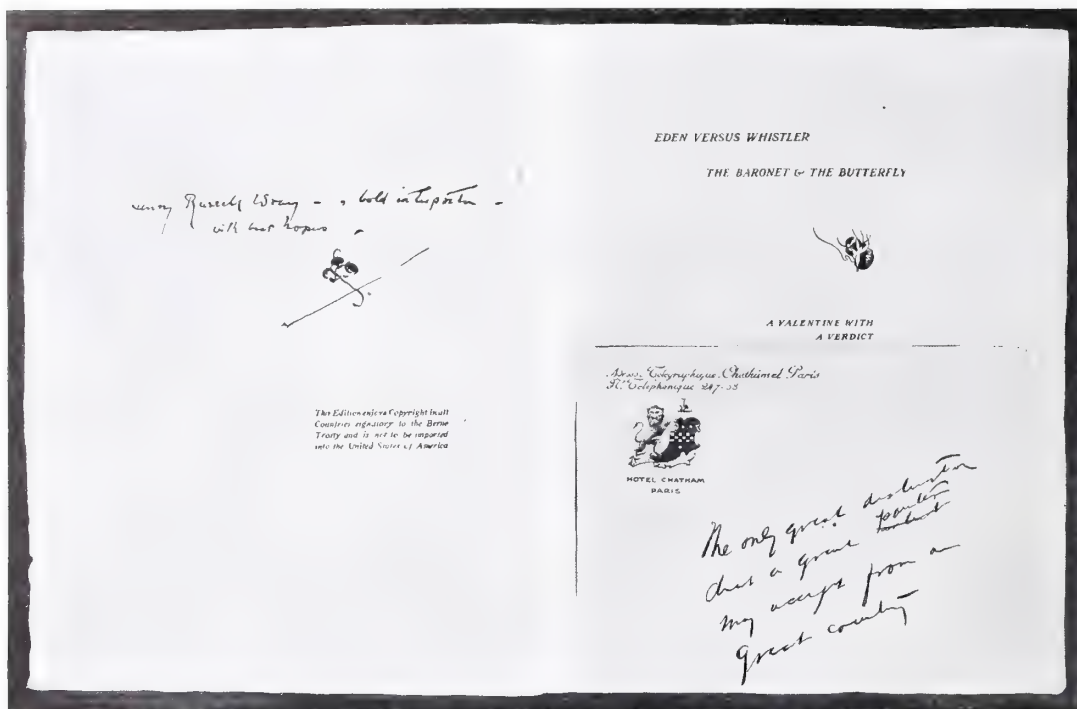
PORTRAIT OF HARMAN HALS

BY FRANZ HALS

has leapt Curtius-like into the breach. With infinite toil this seasoned author has combed the public collections contained in this country, presenting a very readable book laden with illustrations expressive of the best in ancient and modern painting to be seen on this side of the globe, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The reader may obtain a consecutive history of art, reaching from Jonas Lie back to Giotto, or from Fra Angelico forward to Childe Hassam. The art treasures of this country are by no means confined to the museums. A still richer harvest awaits the quester who can gain admission to privately owned pictures which would yield a companion volume of surpassing interest. Many private collections, however, are very jealously guarded from prying eyes and the curious camera.

It is interesting to note how in the topography of museums some of the lesser peaks have equalled the highest in the importance of their acquired masterpieces. The Hackley Museum, at Muskegon, Michigan, is an instance of a small museum rising to the greatest importance through the ability of its director to buy only what is of significant value. The fact that a number of paintings from the Hackley gallery were specially invited to the Panama-Pacific Exposition is further evidence.

An Afternoon with James McNeill Whistler



AN INSCRIPTION BY JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER

AN AFTERNOON WITH JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER BY HENRY RUSSELL WRAY

TO HAVE seen more than one side of the many-sided James McNeill Whistler was my lot in May, 1899, in Paris. Crossing from New York to Southampton I met Mr. James Beaumont Noyes, of Boston. He was on a mission of rare interest. It was none other than to see Whistler, Sargent and Abbey regarding reproductions of their paintings, drawings and mural decorations, then being issued by Mr. Noyes' firm, and known as Copley prints. This mission was in able hands, for Harvard had trained Noyes for his combat with the world, and Nature had endowed him with a love of and appreciation of all art. He was well-equipped for his profession as a diplomatic adjuster of differences between the eccentric artist and the exacting publisher.

Whistler had always been to me an idol, not alone for his ability as an artist, but because of his mastership of vitriolic English. Naturally, when Noyes explained to me his errand and stated that in the following month he would be in Paris and there see Whistler, I was more than anxious to witness the interview. Four weeks later Noyes

joined me in Paris. He told me that he wished to obtain permission to reproduce some portraits painted by Whistler and owned by Mrs. Jack Gardner. Armed with a letter of introduction to the great man, we started for his studio. We walked out to the rue du Bac, climbed five or six flights of stairs, and stood before a door on which was a modest little sign, with a great name, in plain Gothic type, "JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER." To me that sign was awe-inspiring. Noyes knocked and the door opened. I had pictured Whistler as a Mephistophelian type. Before us stood a little man about five feet four, with a large head for so small a body. A white lock in his rather long black hair was conspicuous, and looked as if it had been arranged to attract attention. His hands and feet were those of a woman. He held a palette, weighted with lead, which looked as large as himself, and he grasped a forest of long brushes. Noyes stated that he would like to present a letter from his friend, Mr. Pendleton. Whistler took the letter and read it slowly, with the aid of a large monocle. We stood on the threshold of his studio and waited. When he had finished he said, in the most exaggerated, affected English tone, "I'm chawmed to meet you," then he looked into space, lowered his voice and added,

An Afternoon with James McNeill Whistler

dreamily, "Deah old Pendleton, how is he? Fine old chap. Of course, you shall have anything the deah fellow asks for." Now Whistler seemed conscious of my insignificant presence for the first time, and I was introduced. He adjusted his monocle and sized me up. "And are you a painter?" he asked.

It was too much. My idol was shattered, and I replied, somewhat brusquely, "No, I am only a bum Western newspaper man."

"Beg pahdon," said Whistler, shoving his monocle into a firmer crevice around his eye. I, undaunted by such a reception, repeated my flippant remark. Whistler dropped his monocle and ejaculated: "Reahly!"

An uncomfortable pause followed, which Noyes broke by giving our address, and we said good-bye. We unclimbed those flights of stairs in silence. When we reached the street, Noyes asked what I thought of him. I replied that he was a little too ladylike to appeal to me.

I had not recovered from the shock when a few days later Whistler's cards were brought to our rooms, in the little hotel in the rue des Petits Champs where we were staying. I swore that I'd be choked before I would meet that conceited, affected little creature again, but it was business with Noyes, and he soothed my wounded vanity by saying I was a great pause-filler, and must help him out. Mollified, I went downstairs.

Whistler was seated on the edge of a chair in the little salon. On his knees he held a Latin Quarter high silk hat, with a straight rim. He wore a rusty brown overcoat, which was thrown open, revealing the red button of the Legion of Honour in the buttonhole of his sack coat underneath. He rose as we entered, and at once began to talk of Pendleton.

Then there was a pause. I, anxious to do my prescribed part, remarked, apropos of nothing: "That's a wonderful portrait of your mother in the Luxembourg." Whistler reached for his monocle, surveyed me leisurely from head to foot and said, with an insolent drawl, "You liked it? Well, I'm glad you liked it."

I could cheerfully have handed him an uppercut, had I been there in the character of a pugilist instead of that of a conversationalist. Noyes, seeing my wrath, quickly filled in the breach. I recovered my temper, and at the next pause suggested a cocktail, thinking that that might smooth our dispositions. Again the monocle was put into

service, and there was a survey of the tiny room.

"A cocktail heah?" and the English accent was again in evidence. I ignored his rudeness and remarked that if two or three Americans were stranded on the desert of Sahara with some Worcestershire sauce and a lemon they would concoct some sort of a drink. Whistler ignored this and rose to go, saying he had come to pay his respects to Pendleton's friend, and that he rarely gave an afternoon to calling, but that as this was one of the days he must see the Duchesse de ———, and the Vicomtesse de ———, going through a list of titles which he apparently thought would fill our American souls with awe. It was nauseating, and I wished to heaven he would go. Noyes, however, protested: "Mr. Whistler must at least do us the honour of taking a cocktail." It was only a step to the Chatham, and we were soon seated at a table in the café, with the American drink before us. The two men talked over the business they had to transact, while the button was pushed from time to time for more cocktails. When the business was finished, I again proved that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. It is perhaps superfluous to state that my friends accuse me of being loquacious, and they tell me that I hate a pause as Nature does a vacuum. This time I ventured:

"Your 'Gentle Art of Making Enemies' is a very clever book. I understand it better now than I did when I first read it." Again the monocle. "May I awsk, where in your wild and crude Western country you could have found my book?"

Emboldened by this gracious query, I leaned forward and said, confidentially: "I live in a dug-out and your 'Gentle Art' must have dropped from a prairie schooner near my home." He eyed me suspiciously, not quite sure that I was not in earnest, but I did not give him time for analysis, and quickly asked:

"Why do you wear that dinky little button in your coat? Is it the latest French style, or did you win it in a bicycle race?" Again Whistler was uncertain as to whether I was grossly ignorant or making fun of him. He replied with caution, "That is the only great distinction that a great painter may accept from a great country."

"That's a classic and should be handed down to posterity," I exclaimed, and taking out a card, I wrote: "That is the only great distinction that a great *artist* may accept from a great country."

"No, no, you bum little newspaper man," cried

An Afternoon with James McNeill Whistler

Whistler, dropping his monocle and his English accent at the same time. "I said painter not artist. Correct it"—and I did. The cocktail was evidently getting in its fine work, or it might have been that the liberal terms made by Noyes had something to do with the great man's softening mood. At any rate he now said: "You are familiar with my 'Gentle Art of Making Enemies,' have you read my latest book, 'The Baronet and the Butterfly'?"

I was obliged to confess that I had not, and we sent a waiter to the nearest bookstore for two copies of the book. Whistler cut the leaves, and read us extracts with ironic explanations and comments. When he had finished and we had exhausted our enthusiasm, he suddenly turned to me and said: "Wray, why did you like that portrait of my mother?" I told him candidly I understood nothing of his symphonies and nocturnes or opuses 234 or 800, but that that woman on the canvas appealed to me as a real mother. "To illustrate. If I had belonged to her and was in trouble, I could go to her and say, 'Mother, I don't know how it happened, but I am bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. Will you stand by me?' and I could see her thin arm stretch toward me, her hand would rest on my head and she would say, 'My boy, you know I will.'"

I looked up and Whistler's eyes were moist. Had I accidentally touched some hidden chord, or were we both getting maudlin? To relieve the situation I added, flippantly, "Or if it happened to be a little matter of money, I could say, 'Mother, I need a quarter in my business, and I need it badly,' and I'd get it."

Whistler called the waiter and asked for pen and ink. On the flyleaf of "The Baronet and the Butterfly" he wrote: "To Henry Russell Wray, a bold interpreter, with best hopes," and signed it, not with his own name, but with a funny little woozy butterfly.

Then he became reminiscent and told us of his early experiences and added: "Wray, you are a newspaper man. Tell the American people that I would not exchange my two years at West Point for all the honours that foreign countries have given me. I am really a d— bluffer when I pretend that I am not proud of being an American."

"Yes, I'd make a fine fist telling people that, wouldn't I?" I replied. "Suppose my article was printed and some one showed it to you, you would say" (I imitated his English accent and use of

monocle): "'Wray, Wray, who in ——— is Wray? I never heard of the man.'"

Whistler smiled good-naturedly: "Well, perhaps I should, but you needn't give a ———. Write it just the same."

Now it was dinner time. Whistler had forgotten his duchesses and his vicomtesses and the rest of his titled friends, and he insisted that we should go home with him. We called a cab and the man whom I had so heartily detested a few hours before sat on one of my knees, and on one of Noyes, as we squeezed into the single seat. Many people turned to look at the famous painter who was now talking gaily to us both. His studio and house were both on the rue du Bac, but in different buildings. The cab stopped before a large door. I started to jump out, but Whistler called, "Come back, you wild Western cowboy. The concierge will pull a string and open the door." That was the last natural tone I was to hear from him.

We drove in and saw a low pavilion at the back of the courtyard. The front door opened into a long, rather narrow reception room. Directly opposite us was a fireplace, and over it a portrait of Whistler's wife. On each side of the fireplace was an upright panel of peacocks. The room was furnished with a few Louis XV chairs and tables, and at the far end I thought I saw another Whistler picture. It represented an aristocratic elderly woman in black, with bands of white at the throat and wrists. She was seated and behind her stood a tall, handsome girl. The room was dimly lighted and silent. Whistler moved toward the two figures and, with a courtly bow, said in his English tone: "Mrs. and Miss Phillips, I desiah to awsk your permission to present my two newly acquired American friends, Mr. Noyes and Mr. Wray." I realised that the two women were alive, and they must be Whistler's mother-in-law and sister-in-law. I had presence of mind enough to make a low bow. But the worst was yet to come, for Whistler added, with a wicked smile: "Mrs. Phillips, I regret to add that I feah my American friend, Mr. Wray, has succeeded in making me slightly intoxicated." With all the *sang froid* I could muster I protested, but it is needless to say that we did not accept Mr. Whistler's invitation to dinner, and we beat as hasty a retreat as we could accomplish.

I regret that Mr. Whistler is not in the flesh to read these lines, and to say, "Wray, Wray! Who in ——— is Wray? I never heard of the man."

Decoration of City High Schools



THE GIFT OF FIRE

BY F. L. STODDARD

DECORATION OF CITY HIGH SCHOOLS

THE art department of New York City high schools has made serious efforts through the last few years to interest a number of organizations in the decoration of city high schools with mural paintings. The Municipal Art Society has lent its aid to the decoration of the Washington Irving High School, Manhattan, and the Beaux Arts Society to the development of a competition for paintings for the foyer of the De Witt Clinton High School, Manhattan.

In addition to these the Mural Painters' Society has through Mr. William Laurel Harris, its one-time president, assisted the general organization of the Eastern District High School, Brooklyn, in securing three large panels which have recently been installed on the entrance stairway of the school. These panels are the work of Mr. Frederick Lincoln Stoddard, of New York City, who is well known for his mural paintings in the City

Hall of St. Louis, his stained-glass window in St. Michael's Church in New York, a number of mural panels in the St. Louis High Schools, and a large lunette in the Hebrew Technical School for Girls in New York City.

Mr. Stoddard was originally a designer of stained glass, but went abroad to study in Paris in 1891. There he took up mural work and returned to his native city in 1896. After executing a number of commissions in the Middle West, he came to New York City, after having completed at that time some twenty mural decorations in different churches and public halls. He was a silver medallist in the Exposition of 1904, in St. Louis, and has since executed a number of commissions in the East, especially *The Soul of a Rose*, now owned by Mrs. Arthur James.

The three panels painted by Mr. Stoddard for the Eastern District High School are each about eight feet wide and twelve feet in height. They represent the *Birth and Development of Education*, the left panel showing the *Gift of Fire to Man*, with Prometheus bound upon a rock in the background, and man reaching forward toward enlightenment, which is symbolically represented by the flame, while the animal world is typified by a snarling tiger shrinking from the blaze.

The central panel demonstrates the *Dawn of Civilization*, with *Truth* holding aloft a torch, in the foreground a man at work upon the first piece of pottery, while the family help to subdue *Brute Force*, which is here symbolically represented by a recumbent lion wreathed in flower chains which a child is drawing round it.

The right-hand panel shows the *Birth of the Alphabet*, where the earliest student is scratching with a broken spear the first letters upon a rock. Behind him, warriors sneeringly look upon the first steps of learning, while in the foreground a serpent shrinks from the light of education which blazes before the writer.

FRIENDS OF THE YOUNG ARTISTS.—Following upon exhibitions in sculpture and painting an opportunity is now being given to young architects who will exhibit in September. The most recent benefactor of this organization is Mr. John Henning Fry, the artist, who donated \$1,000 to the cause. During the latter part of the summer, it is intended to show paintings and sculpture by the young artists in Newport and Narragansett.

The Alexander Medal



THE ALEXANDER MEDAL

NONE of the many societies of which the late John W. Alexander was a member, concerned him more closely than did the School Art League. Mr. Alexander became president of the League at its foundation in 1911 and always took the keenest interest in its welfare. Almost his last act was to establish a bronze medal for excellence in drawing to be awarded in each of the city high schools.

The design for these medals has just been completed by Mr. John Flanagan, who, to express his approval of the work the League is doing in teaching appreciation to thousands of school children, generously contributed his talent.

Mr. Flanagan is well known for the elaborate clock which he made for the Library of Congress at Washington. He is especially noted as a medallist and examples of his work are in the Luxembourg Museum in Paris, while at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York he is represented by his Hudson-Fulton medal, made for the Friends of the Medallion, a medal of Tolstoi, and four others.

In the Alexander medal he shows a facile rendition of a difficult problem, dextrously swinging the long lines of the bending figure into harmonious relations with the bounding lines of the die. A slightly humorous note is sounded by the bent head of the artist repeating the line of the cast which serves as model.

This medal is to be awarded annually, in January and June, at the close of the terms, in each of

the twenty-three great high schools in New York City. It goes to that pupil in the second year whose work in drawing is best for the two preceding years. The first awards were made this June. Dr. James P. Haney, director of art in the high schools, believes this award one of the most helpful ever presented in the art department.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE

THE Jesup Memorial Library have, at the suggestion of Mr. A. E. Gallatin, set aside a room as a permanent Print Room. This gentleman has donated a very valuable collection of prints, including Rembrandt, Dürer, Whistler, Goya, Canaletto and Bartolozzi, which were on view last month together with a loan collection of Japanese prints. Following this, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts lent a large quantity of fine modern prints, which may be seen until the 25th.



WAX PORTRAITS

IN Mr. John Lane's review of Mrs. Bolton's recent work, in the July issue on page xxii, it was impossible to reproduce both the rare prints which he provided. We take this opportunity of showing a very curious portrait in which the woman appears to be holding an effigy of Washington.

NOW READY

Special Spring Number of "The Studio," 1915

OLD ENGLISH MANSIONS

DEPICTED BY

Joseph Nash, C. J. Richardson, J. D. Harding,
J. C. Bayliss, F. W. Hulme, A. E. Everitt,
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Richardson, J. Dafforne, T. Allom, Lake Price,
J. Gendall, F. W. Fairholt, J. Holland, J. S. Dodd
and W. L. Walton

DURING the first half of the last century many able British artists devoted their talents to depicting the more important houses, making thereby an invaluable contribution not only to art but also to the historic and topographic records of the nation. In this respect the names of Joseph Nash and C. J. Richardson have always been prominent, and their drawings deservedly popular. But there were other artists worthy to be remembered, whose names are included in the above list. In selecting the drawings for reproduction preference has been given to subjects which possess a picturesque as well as an architectural interest. Many of these fine old houses have disappeared, or have been substantially altered since the original drawings were made, thus enhancing the practical value of the present work. The drawings now brought together form a companion volume to Nash's "Mansions of England in the Olden Time"—the Special Winter Number of *THE STUDIO*, 1905-1906.

The extensive series of beautifully printed full-page plates include views of such famous and historic residences as:

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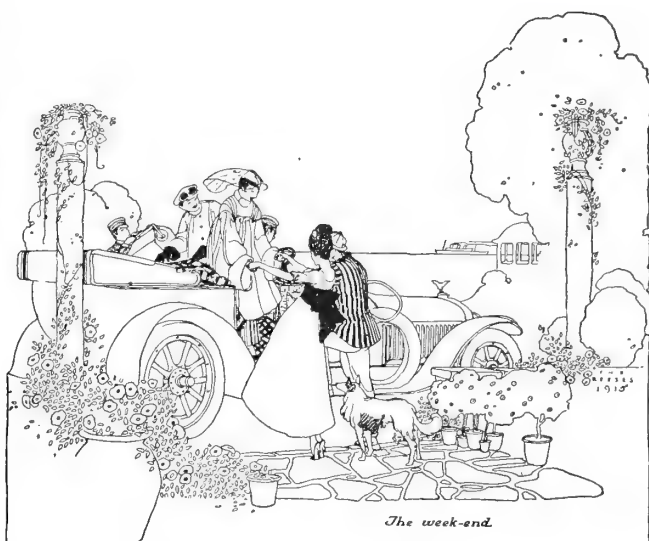
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HALL IN THE WOOD
SMITHELL'S HALL
EAST SUTTON PLACE
TURTON TOWER
BARRINGTON COURT
PARK HALL
BURTON AGNES
HARLAXTON MANOR
HOLLINGBOURNE
MANOR
GAWSWORTH HALL

while some drawings of details add to the interest and value of the work. In addition there is a frontispiece in colors of Nash's delightful water-color drawing of "Hampton Court Palace." An important article is by Mr. Alfred Yockney.

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AN ARMOURER'S WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 7)



ANVIL, ITALIAN, XVI CENTURY
LENT BY AMBROSE MONELL

sive construction, and roughly worn and hammered surface indicate altogether that it could not have belonged to a goldsmith. We know, moreover, that anvils of similar shape have been pictured for iron-workers. Thus, one of them appears in a portrait by Hans Memling in the Hôpital Saint Jean in Bruges, and two others were painted by Breughel in his *Vulcan's Forge*. So we justly conclude that the present object, with its elaborate ornamentation, could have been used only by an iron-worker and an iron-worker of quality—which means, in all ancient rules, an armourer.

In addition to anvil, vise and stakes the visitor sees in our workshop a rack of implements of different sizes and kinds. There are hammers of various forms, which were used for spreading metal or drawing it together during the various operations of making armour. Some of our specimens date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and are part of the Klein-Tachaux Collection, which the Museum acquired a few years ago. It may be remarked that an armourer used in his calling hammers of many kinds, a score of types being known, so that an ancient outfit which included examples of various weights of these different types might readily have in it a hundred or even two hundred hammers. In the second row of the rack appear implements of several sorts. Among these are armourers' pincers, some of them intended for cutting. One of these is a ponderous affair, beautifully wrought and provided with a screw-driver at the end of an arm. There are also calipers, punches for leather, clippers for metal plates, a die for cutting screws, and an ancient hacksaw—the last dating not later than the seventeenth century. At one end of this improvised workshop there is hung an armourer's certificate, a document dating from the eighteenth century, which showed that a certain Christian Wagner was officially recognized as a member of the guild of armourers and could be recommended to do a certain quality of work; he was "true, hard-working, quiet and law-abiding." This was issued by the guild at Dresden. On the wall near this certificate is a small statue of St. Eloi, patron of hammer-workers. He is here represented shoeing the horse's foot, which he had deliberately chopped from the living beast. The creature, it appears, had been in a furious tem-



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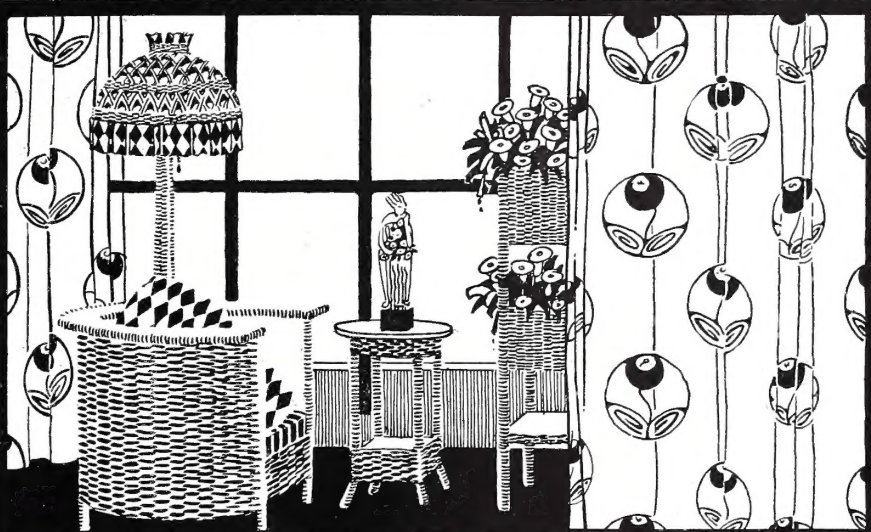
per and otherwise "possessed of a devil," so the saint took this cautious means of accomplishing his work, later performing a miracle in restoring the leg to its place! On either side of this little fifteenth-century figure are hung horse-shoeing irons used by sixteenth and seventeenth-century smiths, which are not inappropriate in their place, since armourers and blacksmiths, especially in small communities, were not far apart in their craft.

The Gothic woodwork which has been noted above as a frame for the armourer's implements, has, in passing, a second function. It encloses, visible through the doorway, many modern forgeries of armour. These may here be examined, close to the cases containing authentic objects, yet kept apart from them in an inconspicuous limbo of their own. The false pieces exhibited date mainly from the middle of the nineteenth century; some of them are as early as 1820-30; others are quite recent—*même*



WISE, NORTH ITALIAN
LENT BY ALBERT MONELL

chaud, as a French expert put it. It may be explained that the present collection aims to give examples of the work of the best-known copyists and counterfeiters, so that the student may conveniently learn to distinguish the kind of objects which are usually found in the shops, and not infrequently, alas, in museums! The present collection is apparently unique, not as a collection, of course, for several private collections include a ten times more costly series, but as an out-and-out gathering of forgeries, with names of makers, places and approximate dates—notes, by the way, which have proved by no means easy to gather, since the authors of such objects are not in the habit of signing their work and are otherwise averse to publicity. But the subject of forgeries is a special one and may later be made the theme of an article.



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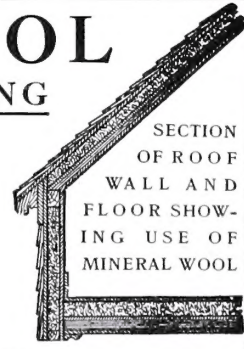
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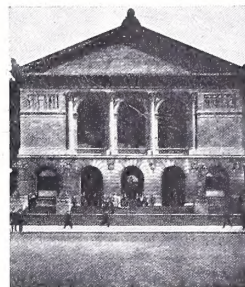
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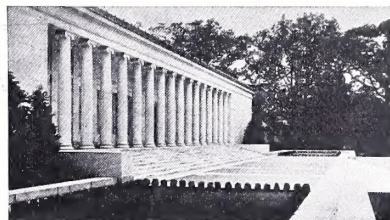
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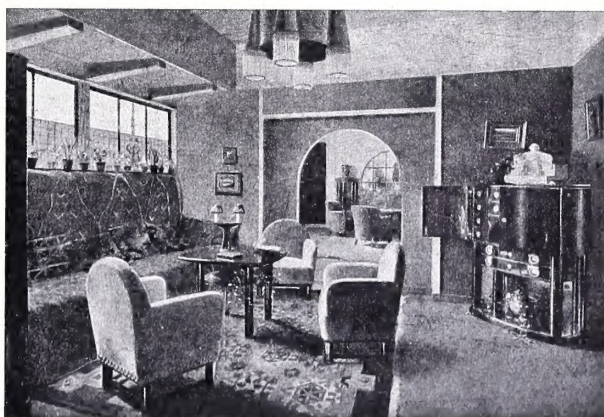
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